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PRESSES OF EVERETT WADDEY CO.

FROM DIXIE.

* * Original articles contributed by Southern writers for publication as a Souvenir of the Memorial Bazaar for the benefit of the Monument to the Private Soldiers and Sailors of the Confederacy and the establishment of the Museum for Confederate Relics, with heretofore unpublished poems, by some who have "crossed over the river."

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* * Richmond, Va.: WEST, JOHNSTON & CO.,
MDCCCXCIII.

Dedication:

To the Unforgotten Dead of an Honored Cause,
This Book is Dedicated
By their Compatriots, in Admiration of
Unrecorded Valor.

Preface:

. . *It would hardly be fair to the authors whose contributions make up this book, to send*

"From Dixie,"

out into the world without a word of explanation:

. . *These poems and stories have been collected from their various authors by simply stating to them the cause in behalf of which this book is published. The book as a whole is a tribute to the Confederate Soldier from some of the most prominent of our Southern authors. It will be sold for the benefit of the Monument to the Confederate Private Soldier and Sailor, to be erected in Richmond, Virginia, and for a Museum of Confederate Relics, to be established in the Executive Mansion of the late Confederate States. Without exception these men and women have already won their laurels, and a gift from their pens is no empty or unmeaning thing.*

. . *It seemed to me that no list of prominent Southern authors could be called fairly representative which omitted the name of Father Ryan, the poet-priest of the war. By the kind permission of his valued friend, Mrs. D. Hannis Taylor, of Mobile, Alabama, I have inserted three poems of his written in Mrs. Taylor's Album, and which have never before been given to the public.*

. . *For the same reason, I desired most earnestly to incorporate some lines of the poet who* FOUGHT, *while the other poet* PRAYED *for the cause equally dear to both. Mrs. Sidney Lanier has consented to the publication of a short poem by her gifted husband, which is, perhaps, the only one of his poems which has heretofore been withheld from the press.*

. . *To the daughter of James Barron Hope I am indebted for the sonnet which bears her honored father's name.*

. . *The poem bearing the signature of John R. Thompson was given to me by the lady to whom it was written.*

. . *The rest of the contributions come from the authors themselves, with the glad cordiality characteristic of Southern enthusiasm.*

KATE PLEASANTS MINOR.

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ALISON STEWART.

ALISON STEWART.

The ten years following immediately on the close of the civil war was a bitter bad time in the South, and particularly in Virginia. Her tobacco trade was gone, her farms had been turned into battle-fields; all the debts predicated on negro property had come on the land, and there was no staple, like cotton, to fall back on; all this added to the horrors of reconstruction. To the women those ten years were a nightmare of misfortune and effort. They were bound to new conditions, like victims to a wheel, and broken by them. Life was disrupted, even paralyzed, and homes which had been in families since the settlement of the country passed into other hands.

Among others, the fortunes of war had borne heavily on the Stewarts of Hovendon. It was the old story, hoary with repetition, the grisly sequence of debt, devastation, dissipation and death. What would you? Passions unchained run wild courses ere they are kenneled again.

Alison Stewart stood in the old hall at Hovendon, one October night and listened to the tall clock in the corner wheeze midnight. Her hands were wrung together and flung down in front of her to the strained extent of her arms; her brow was drawn into vertical lines and her eyes, in the lamp-light, looked hard and bright with the smarting of unshed tears. She gazed about her with pained intentness, like a person focusing impressions, striving to secure sharp minuteness in detail. She had lived amid these surroundings for eight-and-twenty years, and it had taken her forefathers many times that number to accumulate them. Her breath tangled in her throat so that she was forced to sob for relief. She lifted the lamp and moved slowly about, touching one thing and another, as though taking leave of them, realizing how hard it was, and swaying a little as she walked, like a wind-stirred sapling. She was a woman whose local attachments were woven into her being.

Presently she left the hall, crossed a vestibule and entered a chamber, closing the door softly behind her. The room was in scrupulous order, but bore no evidence of being

occupied. It was furnished after a by-gone fashion, with quaint chairs, spindle-legged tables, a tall chest of drawers, ornamented with brass-work and a handsome four-poster of finely carved mahogany, black with age. Beside the bed stood the little carpet-covered steps rendered necessary by the height of the structure, heaped high with feather bed and mattresses. Between the windows was a handsome cheval-glass and over the mantle was a quaint subdivided mirror in a tarnished gilt frame, both of which Alison avoided, fearing to confront her own reflection.

She crossed the room, placed her lamp on the candle-stand and sat down on the little bed-steps, resting her head against the pillow. This had been the bridal chamber, the birth chamber, and the death chamber of many generations. Her grandfather, her father, she herself, and three of her brothers had all first beheld the light of the material world within these walls. Not Dougal—the youngest son, the boy next her in age—he, by accident, had been born elsewhere. She was glad that it should have happened so, and then angry with herself for being glad. But it seemed fitting that Dougal should have

been born elsewhere—at a wayside tavern. And yet he had been of her own flesh and blood —a Stewart—even as those others, the three gallant lads who had died, as soldiers should, with their backs to the blood-soaked earth, their faces upturned to that infinite into which they had passed. She kept that fact before her steadfastly, not daring to let it go— that Dougal was of the same flesh as those others ; she needed to keep it so, in order not to be gentle and forbearing about him ; his spirit had been so different. It was easier to be gentle now that death stood between them —death whose strange mystery shadowed evil, and made unkindness shrink together and vanish from sight. If only death had come on the field of battle, or here, quietly, naturally, as it had come to her honored father. But death by his own hand— death in the reaction end of a drunken frolic ! It was bitter for a Stewart to realize that so a Stewart had faced the eternal mystery.

Nor was this the worst. Five days after Dougal had been laid in his grave, a stranger had come to her bringing another mortgage on the place, a much heavier mortgage than that left by her father which she had hoped

so earnestly to be able to pay. This last instrument was held by a stranger—a "carpet-bagger," as they were called, one of those who had come to the South for gain after the struggle. It contained *her* signature as well as her brother's, and Dougal had sworn to its verity, before a notary, ere affixing his own; telling some plausible story of her being unable to come to the notary's office herself. It had been irregular, but neither notary nor mortgagee had been over-scrupulous. Hovendon was a good property in spite of bad management.

In the shock and surprise of it, Alison had been strained to keep from betraying her brother; to make her face impassive and her voice steady while she declared her intention of sustaining her brother's action. She did not acknowledge the forged signature in so many words; she could not. But she sent the man away satisfied that the security he held would prove good paper. She knew that she was beggared and homeless, but she knew also that it would be better so than that the dead man should be doubly dishonored.

When the first bitterness past, she took to making excuses for him, to putting the blame

on those hard campaigning years during which men were often forced to resort to liquor to counteract under-feeding and over-strain; in many instances to keep body and soul together. The habit had fastened on Dougal then, and his will had never been strong enough to force it to loosen its grip. He had taken liquor to deaden the pain of an old wound; to help him through the strain of trying to bring order from chaos; to deaden old memories and new griefs. Finally, he drank hard to quell the shame of drinking at all, and so on to the culminating tragedy.

After that Alison had decided that the plantation must go. Judiciously managed, it might bring enough to satisfy all demands and make the financial record clean. A friend of the family—Mr. David Lipscomb—came forward and helped her arrange matters, found a purchaser for the place, household plenishing and stock, just as it stood, and effected the final settlement on a better basis than she could have done. This was her last night under the old roof, and she felt it.

Alison reached out her hand and stroked the pillow, sobbing out words and sentences as though in answer to a plea.

"There, dear!—rest—rest! I know! I understand! 'Twas the evil old habit which misled him—the sinful old habit contracted amid cold, hunger and bloodshed. He wasn't himself when he did it—not your boy—not my brother. It is forgiven now; forgiven and made straight in this world. And for the rest—God is pitiful! God is pitiful!"

The next morning, when she was making her final preparations, a servant came to say that Mr. Lipscomb was on the front porch and wished to speak to her. She went out to him at once.

A clever, capable man was David Lipscomb, although unlike most Southerners, he had an abrupt, almost brusque manner. He was in better financial condition than most of his neighbors, having saved a good deal of cotton on an estate he owned in the South, which happened to be apart from the track of army devastation; judicious management had done the rest for him, so that he was really a man of means still. He had the reputation, however, of being a hard-natured and close-fisted fellow, practical in the extreme, and devoid of inconvenient sentiment. Alison respected his straight-forward integ-

rity, and liked him from habit and association. Just now she was grateful to him for the help he had given her in business matters, as well. Her greeting was, therefore, unusually cordial.

"Shall we go in," she suggested; "or do you prefer remaining out here? I know how you like sitting outside generally."

"It's pleasant here," Mr. Lipscomb declared, and deposited his long frame upon one of the porch benches.

Alison seated herself, also, a little apart, and made small talk; to which her visitor gave not the slightest heed.

After ten minutes, during which his gaze wandered appraisingly over his surroundings, Lipscomb turned to the lady abruptly:

"It's a good place to live—this," he said. "It's a pity you've got to leave it."

Alison winced. Her glance took in the gracious sweetness of every detail—the slope of the lawn, the swaying of the trees, gay bedight with autumn foliage, the pale beauty of late blooming flowers, the stately comfort of the old mansion. A wave of home-sickness, of love for it all; of futile, passionate regret submerged her. She could only respond by an affirmative gesture.

"It hurts to give it up, I reckon," her visitor proceeded, "it's a bad wrench, and all that. Women feel this sort of thing. They value homes and plenishing more than men do. To most men one house is the same as another; but women are made different. Tell me is the wrench severe?"

He bent forward and looked at her.

Again Alison had but a gesture for him. Her voice stuck in her throat.

Lipscomb moved uneasily, and struck his boot with his riding whip. Her emotion disconcerted him. He liked her to feel that way; but wished she would be sensible in the exhibition of it. He had something to say to her, and wanted to put it sensibly, and to have it so received.

"What will your aunt do?" he questioned, alluding to an invalid maiden lady who had always made her home at Hovendon.

"She will remain with me—that is, not just at first, but as soon as I can make a home for us," Alison explained. "She will go to cousin John's for a visit until I can see about rooms. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped just at first. Cousin Selena and auntie never got on, and I fear auntie will be very uncomfort-

able. She's brave about it, poor dear; she knows I shall take her away the moment it becomes possible."

"Has she nothing of her own?"

Alison shook her head.

"What she had was invested in tobacco during the war and stored in Richmond. It would have realized handsomely for her, but for the burning of the town at the evacuation. She lost everything."

"She'll be a great care to you?"

Alison smiled. "I'm very fond of her," she said, "and even if I were not, my father invested that money of her's that was lost. Auntie has a claim on me, even outside of affection."

Lipscomb worried with his whip.

"See here, Alison," he said suddenly, "you're used to this place and fond of it; it's natural you should feel cut up about leaving. Why don't you stay? You can if you like. Your aunt will be better satisfied to stay, and she's old and ought to be considered. The place can be held by one man as well as another. I'll hold it if you like."

Alison stared at him. What possible connection could there be between his purchase

of Hovendon and her remaining, unless ——. She beamed on him suddenly, her cheeks dimpling. It was a foolish plan, but very kind. How people misjudged him !

"You would buy this plantation and let me rent from you ?" she questioned, smiling. "That's good of you, David, but it isn't wise. I know nothing whatever of farming, and would make an unsatisfactory tenant."

Lipscomb set her straight at once.

"You're off the track," he explained, hastily, "I don't want a farmer. I can attend to all that myself—its man's work anyhow. What I mean is that I'll buy Hovendon for my wife."

"Your——! What ?"

"My wife! *You!* Don't you catch on ? I want you to marry me and keep on living here ; or you can go away for a little while, if you prefer it, and then come back. It's a good plan all around ; and your aunt can live with us. Think it over, Alison. I'm not a bad fellow to live with."

Alison drew back, a sudden and discourteous desire to laugh taking possession of her. Did ever lover make his advances in so unlover-like a fashion before, she wondered.

Then she realized that he was not a lover at all ; only a blundering, kindly friend, who was making a hideously awkward mistake, but making it with the best intentions. She was provoked, and at the same time touched by it.

Meanwhile, her companion having gotten a start, talked on with volubility, like a man setting forth the business advantages likely to accrue from a specified combination. He wanted a wife and a home and could afford both ; he was tired of the discomforts of bachelor existence. He wanted *her*, moreover, for he had discovered her to be, in their late association, both sensible and practical. He knew her people and she knew his. It would be a first-rate arrangement, and everybody might be made comfortable.

Alison hearkened quietly. There was no mention of the word love, no simulation, or travesty of the emotion. That would have disgusted her. This did not ; it simply saddened her, showing so low a standard of values. Things specified were to be exchanged, even, for things understood, and all was to be fair and square within the law. Could she do it ? Could she buy Hovendon back at

such a price? Would the dead who had loved it counsel such a transaction? Did honor, womanhood, and righteousness countenance it? There could be but one answer. The unspecified values loomed large before her, and she shuddered. It was impossible—this thing; more, it would be iniquitous. This man did not understand—was taking a surface view. He meant well, but was blundering over it. She must stop him from setting up tables for money changers in a temple.

With a few swift words she thanked him, in her aunt's name and her own, for his interest in their welfare—she could not put it otherwise—and she gave him full measure of gratitude for kind intentions. Then she showed him that his scheme was untenable.

"A woman may not, with honor, sell her birthright, even within the law," she said. "She must love a man nobly, unselfishly, truly, and he must so love her or their union is unsanctified. God gives us that one celestial thing—just that portion of His divine essence to glorify our lives with. And if we wilfully degrade it, make love the servant of utility, set our jewel of price in the skull of

a toad, will we not deserve that evil things shall happen? Can we complain when wrong begets wrong? You do not truly wish this thing. You did not think earnestly about it."

Lipscomb stared at her. Material things had supreme value in his eyes. Talk like this seemed foolishness to him. He had not expected it of so sensible a woman. He wanted her more than ever, but he did not in the least agree with her views.

"I should have made love to you," he said, doubtfully, not knowing very well how to commence, now.

"You should *feel* love for the woman you make your wife," she responded. "If you had made love to me, not feeling it, I'd have felt myself outraged; as the matter stands I'm only distressed that you should have formed a low estimate of me—should have thought me a women capable of selling herself; for that is the unvarnished verity of a proposal such as yours."

"It's nothing of the sort," he retorted, stung by her plain speaking; "I do love you. Only I didn't think you'd care for sentimental talk."

"I don't," she declared, "unless it presents a truth. I want to be *loved*, and so do you, if you'll stop and think about it, and so does everybody. God made us that way; and you do *not* love me, or you would have understood and offered me your best for my best, instead of which you enumerated material wares, like a huckster, and tried to secure my birthright with pottage. Values should be in kind—material things for material things, and for spiritual things those things which are spiritual. No other law can operate."

The man could not accept his failure. He was used to depending for success on money and tangible, marketable values. They had never failed him before, and he could scarcely credit that they would ultimately fail him now. Her opposition stirred him, and his nature began to warm a little.

"It's a dear old place," he said, "and life here must be happy."

"It *is* a dear old place," she assented, "and life here would be bliss under certain conditions."

"Not with me?"

"Not with any man I came to, simply because of it. Hovendon isn't worth the price—my womanhood."

He rose to go.

"What will become of you?" he questioned.

She looked up at him bravely, and extended her hand.

"I'm going to work," she said. "A woman can always do that—her hands can keep her head, or vice versa, if there's any strength within her. My aunt will be with me and we shall get on."

"My plan is best," persistently.

She shook her head.

"You are depreciating marriage," he frowned.

"Not so," she flashed back. "*You* did that. I am restoring a sanctuary."

He held her hand uncertainly an instant, then his closed strongly over it; a new light dawned in his eyes.

"I do love you, Alison—love you better than you know."

Her response was instant: "Thank you for saying that," she said. "It rehabilitates us both; but it is impossible for me to be

your wife. My heart holds only friendship for you."

. . . . . .

The next four years for Alison were years of toil and frequently of disappointment and anxiety. She rented a small house in a neighboring village, fitted it up with furniture reserved from Hovendon, and brought her aunt home to live with her. She managed economically, doing a large part of the work herself, so that their one servant might have more leisure to wait upon her aunt, for, as time went on, old Miss Stewart became almost helpless. Through the exertions of friends, notably those of David Lipscomb, who got himself appointed school commissioner on purpose, Alison had obtained the public school of the county and was able to hold it. This gave a certain, though small, income for part of the year at least, and she took in sewing, and even essayed to write a little, after the manner of women thrown on their own resources. She had no large successes, and the struggle was continuous; but she got on fairly well, and the fact that her youth was slipping from her in toil troubled her but little. She kept up her courage and

cheerfulness, keeping her home and her face bright, no matter how somber the outlook. It would "count in the aggregate somewhere," she thought, and no Stewart had ever shown cowardice save Dougal—poor Dougal!

The hardest thing to endure was the homesickness which overwhelmed her at times—the longing for earth, sky and water in the combination which had gladdened her childhood and youth. She would wake up at night with the sound in her ears of the two rivers, which bounded her old home, rushing, lover-like, to their union; or the surging of the wind through the branches of the old oaks and horse chestnuts. The scent of the old garden flowers would haunt her also, the clove pinks, the calycanthus, the honeysuckle, roses, and sweet star jessamine. Others are not so constituted that one spot of earth is the only *home* the world contains for them, but she was. She pictured Hovendon over and over to herself in all the phases of its yearly round—pictured it in the morning freshness of spring-time, with the sun just peeping above the mountains, and the sweet dewy breath of the germinating earth stirring softly the ambient atmosphere—pictured it

with the noon-tide heat of mid-summer upon it when the whole universe seemed wrapped in siesta ; with the autumnal beauty on the hills, after a hard frost when the brown earth was frothed up in places until it resembled dirty river foam, when the corn-crakes called from the riverside and the partridge whistled in the stubble fields. And again she would picture it under a winter moon with the tree limbs ice-jeweled and glittering, and the world a wide white mystery of snow and silence.

All these thoughts and longings she kept to herself, knowing how futile fretting was, and how dark it would make life for the invalid. But she hearkened avidly to intelligence about her old home, and sometimes wished that David Lipscomb would forget the past and come and discuss with her his plans for Hovendon. He owned the place and lived at it, having bought it from the mortgagee immediately after their interview. She liked knowing that a friend's feet trod the old rooms, a friend's life set itself to the old surroundings. Whenever she met Lipscomb she went out of her way to be cordial, but he responded shyly, always avoiding the

subject of Hovendon, and holding himself aloof. It grieved her.

One day she accidentally heard that Lipscomb was ill. This troubled her and she wrote several notes of inquiry, to which no answers were returned. Later she knew that hope had been abandoned, and then that he had entered into rest.

Directly on the heels of this intelligence came a note from Lipscomb's lawyer notifying her of the time set for the funeral, and enclosing a sealed envelope which, he explained, he had been directed to place in her hands immediately after the death of his client.

Alison locked herself into her own room while she examined this enclosure.

It was not a letter, nor even a message. It was a copy of what seemed a clause from a will, and was in the dead man's handwriting. It briefly set forth that the testator did "will and bequeath to Alison Stewart the plantation called Hovendon—hereinafter described; formerly the heritage of her family, and by testator purchased, to have and to hold, with all stock, tools, machinery and household stuff thereunto pertaining, for her

own use and behoof, in fee simple, for all time, provided the said Alison Stewart should abstain from attending the testator's funeral, and from expressing any interest in his death whatever."

Alison's first emotion was bewilderment. That a man should deliberately set a reward on disrespect to himself was a thing most astonishing; a freak of posthumous eccentricity entirely inexplicable. Then what a position for her! If she should go to this funeral she would appear to herself an interloper, pushing forward to a place from which she had been warned—more, from which she had been offered payment to absent herself.

Tears of anger and mortification sprang to her eyes. How could he do so cruel a thing? How dared he fix for her so low a standard? It was all of a piece with that other offer. He thought sentiment, friendship, conduct, everything had a price. It was horrible! Years before he had offered her Hovendon as a bribe to come to him. Now he offered her Hovendom as a bribe to stay away. She would show him that she was *not* a woman who could be bought. In the face of the whole world she would show him.

Then she wept bitterly, because of the friend he had been to her, because of his cruel misjudgment, and because of the look which had dawned in his eyes that moment in which he declared that he loved her better than she knew.

What would be the world's comment when this singular document should be made public did not trouble her. She was an unsophisticated woman, and her mind grasped and busied itself only with their relative positions to each other—his and hers. What might be the popular verdict on the affair, for the time, lay outside her consciousness. The dead man had intimated a desire to be buried in the Stewart burial lot, which at the sale of the estate Alison had reserved. When applied to for permission, she made no objection. This man had hurt her sorely, had misjudged her even in death; but she felt no animosity towards him, nor was she unwilling that he should rest among her loved ones. This wish of his so to rest appeared to give the lie to premeditated unkindness. This bequest was a blunder, like that other, only worse. He did not understand; for from such as he the arcana of things is hid-

den. Then she put aside judgment, according to her wont, and grieved for her old friend sincerely.

It was better so.

Before the funeral services were commenced, standing beside the coffin in the old hall, Alison glanced about, and was touched to see how unchanged it was; how every mark of Stewart occupancy had been preserved. No new pictures supplied the places of those she herself had removed; the furniture and ornaments were as she had left them; even a riding whip and cap of her own, forgotten in the move, hung still on the hat-rack. A lump rose in her throat and remained there. And when, later, she beheld Dougal's old horse grazing peacefully on the lawn, the tears gathered so thick and fast that she could scarcely see the pall-bearers moving just in front of her with their burden.

When the services had been completed, the lawyer, coming to Alison's side, requested the sympathetic crowd of friends and neighbors to return to the house. It was Lipscomb's wish that his will should be read immediately, he explained, and in their pres-

ence. Then he gave Alison his arm, and the procession, greatly marveling, all trooped back to the house. They marveled more when Lawyer Corbet, keeping Alison still beside him, unfolded the document in question and made public its contents.

The will was concise, more so than is customary, but perfectly correct and legal. After the disposition of a few legacies, the residue of the estate, including Hovendon, was enumerated and summed up, making a property of considerable importance. And this property, in entirety and without reservation, was bequeathed to Alison Stewart and her heirs forever. His reason for the bequest the testator also made plain in one pithy sentence. "Unlike most people I know," he declared, "Miss Stewart subordinates money always to things that are higher, making it the servant, instead of the master; therefore, she seems to me a fit person to be trusted with the administration of money, and in giving her mine I feel assured she will do with it the good which I might have done."

But that which Alison valued most was a folded slip of paper endorsed "A message to be given Miss Stewart after the reading of

my will." She took it away with her and opened it alone.

There was but a sentence, written with a hand that showed pain and exhaustion. It said: "Dear, forgive me the final test! Some twist in my nature forces me to it, although I *know* you will be true to yourself and your ideals. Forgive me! and in token of pardon come back to the home you love, accepting it as a gift of affection and admiration from the man who has always—*always*—loved you better than you knew."

M. G. McClelland.

SIDNEY LANIER.

TO LUCIE.

There is a little word, they say,
A little word,
Which, like the murmur of some cooing bird,
Will nestle in thy heart of hearts,
Certes, some day.

I know not whether *I* shall speak
This word to thee;
Love send that he who utters it,
Fair child, Lucie,
Be never blind, like Cupidon,
Nor false, nor weak.

For some of us are true as steel,
As he need be
Who reads the meaning of this word to thee,
And prays its *echo* in thy heart, Lucie,
To hold him leal.

SIDNEY LANIER.

St. Valentine's Day, 1880.

SIDNEY LANIER.

Sidney Lanier, the eldest son of Robert and Mary Lanier, was born in Macon, Georgia, February 3d, 1842. His ancestors on the father's side were Huguenot refugees; his mother was a descendant of the Andersons of Virginia, a family of Scottish lineage. He entered, at an early age, Oglethorpe College in his native State—an institution not now in existence—where he took his degree with the highest honor.

At the outbreak of the late war, when he was but nineteen years of age, he enlisted in the Georgia Battalion, which afterwards formed a part of the Army of Northern Virginia. During his service here, as one of his fellow-soldiers writes me, "he exhibited the courage, patient endurance, and all the other high qualities of the martial spirit; steady adherence to discipline, as well as the bright *insouciance* characteristic of the American citizen-soldier."

His thirst for knowledge was not checked by the hardships and privations of a soldier's life in the field. In camp, my informant tells me, he devoted much of his leisure time to study, and obtained a useful knowledge of the German language by the aid of pocket grammars and small collections of poetry which he translated. By similar study he also obtained a good knowledge of French, which he not only read with ease, but spoke almost with fluency. "For all knowledge," my informant continues, "he had an unappeasable hunger; in all odd moments, with every chance acquaintance, gaining something." During all his campaign life his beloved flute accompanied him, though sometimes he had to give away part of his slender ration that it might find room in his haversack; and its music cheered many a weary hour for himself and his comrades.

In 1862 he was transferred from the infantry to the mounted signal corps; and in 1864 was appointed signal officer on the steamer *Annie*. Shortly after his appointment this steamer was captured off Wilmington by a Federal blockader. When the capture was seen to be inevitable, the commander of the

steamer directed him to distribute a small amount of treasure on board among the officers and men. This he did with impartiality to all save himself. In some way one old sailor had been overlooked in the distribution, and Mr. Lanier at once divided his own small share with him.

Some of the officers of the steamer, who were English, wished him to pass himself off as an Englishman to avoid imprisonment; but his courageous and truthful nature rejected all falsehood and deception, even in war. He frankly avowed his nationality and rank, and was sent as a prisoner to Point Lookout, where he remained in confinement until the end of the war. Some of his fellow prisoners still speak with feeling of the unvarying constancy and cheerfulness with which he bore the many trials and hardships of a prisoner's lot, which told with peculiar severity upon a constitution naturally delicate; and it was at this time that were sown the seeds of that disease which was never thenceforth to quit its hold upon him.

After the restoration of peace he studied the law and became a partner in the firm of Lanier & Anderson, at Macon, his seniors

being his father and his maternal uncle. In December, 1867, he married Miss Mary Day, of Macon.

The duties of his profession, after awhile, proved too arduous for him; and the occurrence, more than once, of a hemorrhage from the lungs, after the exertion of pleading, warned him that he could only continue the practice at the risk of his life.

His health, indeed, became so seriously impaired that his medical advisers considered a change of climate absolutely necessary, and sent him, in 1872, to San Antonio, Texas, where he remained for several months. Of this strange old town, its history, and his experiences in it, he gave a graphic description in the pages of a periodical then published in Baltimore.

His tastes and studies had long inclined him to literature, and many contributions from his pen had appeared in various journals, and been received with favor. It now seemed as if he were forced by absolute necessity into the path of his predilection. He saw the desirableness of fixing his residence in some important centre of intellectual activity, and thought of making New York his

home. On his way to that city, in September, 1873, he stopped for awhile in Baltimore, and during this stay the director of the Peabody Orchestra, hearing at the house of a friend, Mr. Lanier's performance on the flute, was so struck by the grace and delicacy of the execution, as well as by the beauty of the composition, which was original, that he offered him the position of first flute in the orchestra. To this a moderate salary was attached, and as the duties allowed him ample time for other work, he accepted the offer and retained the position for three seasons, during which time he wrote, for the periodical press, many articles and poems, which showed a steady increase of literary power.

During this period appeared his remarkable poem "Corn," which first won him a more extended recognition, and showed to those who had scarcely heard his name that a poet of no ordinary gifts was challenging a hearing. This poem, which is like a piece of rarest jewel-work—full of subtle delicacies and tendernesses of thought, bright flashes of the most radiant fancy, passionate sympathy with Nature, and strange audacious felicities of expression—while it charms us with its

beauty, is not the less impressive for the lesson it conveys—its eloquent protest against the lower tendencies of modern life, in its pursuit of mere material things shutting its eyes to the wonders and beauties around it, and closing its ears to the soft admonitions and gentle solicitations that follow it everywhere. Indeed, scarce any of his work shows the mere play of fancy without suggestions of deeper purpose. Always

——"the root of some grave thought is understruck so rightly
As to justify the foliage and the waving flowers above."

In his "Symphony," which, though less likely to be popular, is perhaps even a nobler poem than "Corn," this purpose is still more clearly expressed in the poetic interpretation of the voices of the various instruments as from the pure heaven of music they plead with the human heart.

In the spring of 1875 he spent some months in Florida, traveling and collecting the materials of a bright little book which he afterwards published.

The managers of the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, having included among the fea-

tures of the opening ceremonies, a hymn and an ode, applied to Mr. Whittier, a Northern poet, for the former, and for the latter to Mr. Lanier as a poet of the South.

His disease, unhappily, still made progress; and the occurrence of an abscess in the lungs made a second trip to Florida advisable. Several months spent in the soft climate of Tampa brought at least some improvement, and enabled him to continue his literary work.

In the winter of 1879–'80 he delivered a course of lectures on "English verse, especially Shakespeare's," in The Johns Hopkins University, and those who attended them must have been struck with the thoroughness with which he laid the foundations of his work, no less than with his affluent and happy illustrations of the principles laid down. In fact, he was compelled, as an introduction to his treatment, to build up from the ground a system of English prosody. The views here enounced, he afterwards expounded and developed into his *Science of English Verse,* of which I may say—and it is a matter to which I have given some study—that this work contains the only clear and

rational system of English prosody that I have ever met; those usually appended to grammatical treatises being mere confusions of confusions.

Our friend had long noted with regret a serious insufficiency in the better juvenile literature of our time. Books written nowadays for the improvement of the young for the most part fall into two categories, which we may call the "goody-goody" and the "rough-and-ready." Or, to speak less flippantly, those that aim at cultivating the spiritual and moral faculties are apt to deliquesce into watery sentimentality, while those that would strengthen the practical side of character lack elevation and nobility. To supply the want here, he prepared two books for boys, the *Froissart* and *King Arthur*, the one a book of fact, giving the brightest side of real chivalry in history; the other of fiction, giving the noblest and purest ideal of chivalry in legend. It has become somewhat the fashion of late to sneer at the word "chivalry," especially among those who have the most imperfect conception of its meaning. But as our friend defined it: "To speak the very truth; to perform a promise to the utter-

most; to reverence woman; to maintain right and honesty; to help the weak; to treat high and low with courtesy; to be constant to one love; to be fair to a bitter foe; to despise luxury; to preserve simplicity, modesty, and gentleness in heart and bearing"—to which I may add, to be always ready to accept and face the consequences of our actions—this does not seem to me a view of life and its duties which any society should plume itself on having outgrown. Or, if it be indeed obsolete, let it at least linger yet a while to brighten the fairy-land of childhood.

In the winter of 1880–'81 he delivered a course of public lectures in the University on English literature, and in especial the leading works of fiction and romance. His friends greatly feared that the exertion would be too hard a task for one in his weak condition; but he insisted upon fulfilling his engagements. In the following spring his malady had made such alarming progress that he determined, as a last resort, to try open-air life in a milder climate, and for this purpose went to the hilly country near Asheville, North Carolina. Resolute to work while life was in him, he took with him not only his

incomplete manuscripts, but also various instruments of physical research, that he might, if possible, win something for knowledge out of the hours thus reprieved from death. But the end was too near at hand, and not only was all work presently impossible for him, but he had to be conveyed to the village of Lynn to die. Here every care was bestowed on him, and those among whom he had come as a stranger tended him as a friend; while his devoted wife ministered to his wants and soothed his last hours with that constant affection that had been the crowning blessing of his life.

Disconnected as it seems, one thread of purpose runs through all his work. This thread is found in his fervid love for his fellow-men, and his never-ceasing endeavors to kindle an enthusiasm for beauty, purity, nobility of life, which he held it the poet's first duty to teach and to exemplify. As he himself has written of a poet:

> "His song was only a living aloud:
> His work was a singing with his hand."

No discouragements, no disappointments, no sufferings of body, no anxiety of mind,

could abate his ardor of learning; and even in the last months of his life he took up new and difficult studies, and worked at them as long as he had the power. He could not bear to leave unaccomplished anything he had undertaken; and when really dying, still worked on, that he might not depart with a single promise unfulfilled.

He had a strong wish to live; not from a fear of death, but from his passionate desire to accomplish more perfectly the task to which his life was dedicated.

To quote the words of one who was very near to him: "I cannot express the wonder and beauty of the reconciliation of his indomitable human will and vivid personality with an absolute trust in God—a trust which neither required nor wished for explanation of his dearest longings."

Despite manifold adversity, frequent disappointment, and occasional injustice—despite much that would have hardened or embittered a spirit of less sweet composure, no trace of cynicism, of bitterness, or even repining, could be found in his whole work or his whole life. He accepted his lot, not with resignation merely, but with sunny

cheerfulness. The armor of fortitude that he had addressed, flashed brightness all around. He wrought faithfully throughout his short day, and far into the deepening twilight. He has left behind him enough to show what he might have done, and an undying memory in the hearts of all who knew him, for all who knew him may call themselves his friends.

May we not apply to him, in a nobler sense, words written of one who died with high purposes unfulfilled—

Literarum quaesivit gloriam: Videt Dei.

William Hand Browne.

SOLITUDE.

Thou wast to me what to the changing year
Its seasons are—a joy forever new;
What to the night its stars, its heavenly dew,
Its silence: what to dawn its lark-song clear;
To noon, its light—its fleckless atmosphere,
Where ocean and the overbending blue
In passionate communion, hue for hue,
As one in Love's circumference appear.

O, brimming heart, with tears for utterance,
Alike of joy and sorrow! lift thine eyes
And sphere the desolation. Love is flown;
And in the desert's widening expanse,
Grim silence, like a sepulchre of stone,
Stands charneling a soul's funereal sighs.

John B. Tabb.

THE INDIAN OF SAN SALVADOR.

What time the countless arrow-heads of light
Keen twinkled on the bended heavens back-drawn,
With deadly aim, at signal of the dawn,
To slay the slumbering, dusky warrior, night—
I dreamed a dream. And, lo! three spirits white
As mist that gathers when the rain is gone,
Came walking o'er the waters, whereupon
The very waves seemed quivering with affright.

I woke, and heard, while yet the vision stayed,
A prophecy: "Behold the coming race
Before whose feet the forest kings shall fall
Prostrate; and ye, like twilight shadows tall,
That wither at the sun's uplifted face,
Shall pass in silence to a deeper shade."

JOHN B. TABB.

MY SOUL—SHE HATH GREAT CARE FOR ME.

A FANTASIE.

Softer the air doth blow by far,
Than here on the hill it blew last night.
No space in the sky for a single star;
Only the moon and the clouds at war,
Only the lonely wind and I,
Are abroad on the fields, in the blurred gray
light.

We two—we alone—and afield we meet.
Alone—and afield, we pass and greet,
With a sigh, greets the wind, and I, with a
sigh;
And wherefore, pray, should we pass by,
Meet, and not greet, like the friends we are.

Think not we are not understood,
That language in all lands holds good.

A tear for the eye, a sigh for the heart,
Though far as the moon from the earth apart.
No creature born of land or sky,
Need wait for words, nor wait for art,
To meet and greet, and be well-known,
To meet and greet in the fields alone.

There is no bourne beyond the reach
Of sorrow; no soul lives and bides
So far but she will visit each;
Through every fortress wall she glides,
In every creature's life she hides.
There is not need that art should teach,
For sorrow knoweth sorrow's speech.

The wind flies on his rustling path;
Now from the naked wood he calls,
So one might say, Hark! how the wrath
Of winter shakes the forest walls.

But all things are of kin, the sere,
The green, the living and the dead,
The young, the old; no more are they
Apart than are the night and day.

And hearking, now, I do but hear,
My soul's cry in that sound of dread.

What, then, shall I, not walk at ease
On this crisp grass and breathe this air,
And hear my heart beat in the trees,
And with fair fancies please my mind,
The while my spirit in despair,
Goes yonder—moaning with the wind?

Why should I not be free from care
A little space? Her way she knows,
There is no flight she will not dare:
Far with the flying wind she goes,
Swift leaping through the branches bare.
My thoughts, ye must not follow there!
My soul, she will not let me rest,
There is but little time to spare,
She will return, that wretched guest,
Stay ye, and build me, whiles ye dare,
Some cooling comfort in my breast.

My soul—she takes no care for me;
She makes for me no end of woes,

No reason and no fears hath she,
She knows not mercy nor repose.

When so at rest I fain would be,
Safe and content with friends to hear
Their wholesome chat, or make me cheer
With wine in some brave company.
Then, whether winds blow South or North,
Or whether I would choose to go,
She will not spare, but drags me forth,
Nor asks if I would have it so.
She cares not if the skies be clear,
Or if the clouds be hanging low,
Nor if the chilly world be drear
With wintry rains, or white with snow;
It matters not the storm might blow
The birds from their night perch, but she
Holds on her way. Come weal or woe
She hales me to this upland lea,
And hence through wood and field to show
The scenes she thinks I ought to see,
And hint of dreams that I should know.
Hist! yonder by the locust tree
I see her pacing to and fro,

I dream of happy days to be,
And yet I would not care to throw
The burthen off and be set free.
My soul—she hath great care for me.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

SONG.

Sing the snow of winter,
And sing the summer green.
More white and fresh she is,
Than either one, I ween.
More dainty than the summer,
More fair than winter snow,
And lighter is her foot-fall
Than the lightest winds that blow.
Then sing heigh-ho!
The lass that I love so.

The flowers were her God-dames:
On the day that she was named
The blue-bells gave those eyes to her,
By which the heavens are shamed.
Her hair was dowered by marigolds,
Her lips by pimpernels,
And one and all did in her breath
Unite their faery spells.
Then sing heigh-ho!
The lass that loves me so.

Amélie Rives.

PENDLETON NEIL OF ROSALIA.

PENDLETON NEIL OF ROSALIA.

Colonel Pendleton Neil was now a man of seventy-two, tall, spare, always clean-shaven and, owing to a limp, always walked with a cane. His title of "Colonel" was complimentary, as he had never been in battle.

"Before the war" he had possessed a moderate fortune, but his loyalty to the Confederacy induced him to invest all he had in Confederate bonds. The last of his race, he now lived alone on his plantation "Rosalia," situated on James River, in one of the upper counties of Virginia.

Colonel Neil was a gentleman of retiring disposition, modest, humble-minded and courteous. In the days of his prosperity he had scarcely even called himself a farmer, for his lameness and reading habit had combined to give him a disinclination for the active farmer's pursuits, while fortune had enabled him to leave such things to a brother and an overseer. The brother fell at Spotsylvania; in short the Colonel had survived all his nearest relatives. The only office he had held in his county was one that all the

changes of war could not take from him, the office of vestryman in his church.

Plainly, then, Colonel Neil could not be accepted as a typical Virginia planter. There had never been upon his place any one as ignorant as he of farming; nor had he ever been considered the ablest man in his county. He had, indeed, been a great lover of books, but they were simply the companions of a lame man, to whom active life was painful. In harmony with his contemplative habit of mind, was a love of fishing, but his was scarcely the sportsman's way. He had always found pleasure in spending hours upon the river bank watching his row of five or six fishing rods.

Thus the dawn of that memorable period in Virginia known as the Reconstruction Era, found Pendleton Neil less able to cope with its adversities than most of his neighbors. And yet, when the whites of that county decided to attempt to wrest it from carpet-bag rule, they selected him as the strongest candidate for the position of county clerk. They argued that his spotless character, his gentleness, his record as a kind master of his former slaves, would secure the

negro vote. They were mistaken. He was defeated by a carpet-bagger.

The end of the campaign left him reduced to real poverty, though his neighbors scarcely realized the extent of his needs.

We all recall his appearance, his placid face, his unvarying response, "I thank you; I *thank* you," when he was addressed by friend and neighbor. His limp made the bow which invariably accompanied this speech seem very low and noticeable. Those who had known him long could never recall the time he had laughed, but they had often remarked his smile, kindly, and, when in a group of men, so quiet by contrast as to convey the impression that it was sad. His was a gentle disposition of that kind stilled by long and unexcited pursuit of such pleasure as reflective reading, such farming as enabled him to take a bird's-eye view of his fields from the piazza in the morning, and for the prospect to reverently thank God, and courteously thank the overseer at night. His estate was now mortgaged. Here and there were patches of corn worked by some of his former slaves on shares, but such shares as reached him did not pay his store-bill. George Israel,

an old one-armed negro, his former slave, was the Colonel's principal assistant. This aged darkey had, through superstitious awe of the carpet-bagger's mandate, voted against his old master, but he was ready to do the Colonel's bidding in all except politics.

The Colonel, on this particular day, had just returned from his visit to the country store, where he had been to pay his bill. He had been so accustomed to having his estate run itself that the idea of personal need had been slow in impressing him. As he stood in his porch now and looked over fields yellow with broomstraw, out of which was reared the tottering remnant of the sorghum-mill, marked by the straggling stems of sassafras bushes and the stunted pokeberry and pine, and noted everywhere a barren waste where wheat and corn had once waved, the scene as, it *used* to be, rose before him. He could recall it as it had looked, just at this sunset hour as he shaded his eyes with his hand, for it was then that the dazzling beams were flung with blinding directness beneath the eaves of the veranda. He could see in his mind the procession of hands returning to quarters after the day's work, George Israel

always in the lead. He could hear their laughs, and he could remember that special evening when George, espying his figure in the porch, had said in a voice of jolly command, "Boys, dar Marse Pen; les *all* march up dar an pay our respects, case dis he wedd'n day." ("The rarscle had somehow remembered that was the day," thought the Colonel, with a smile.) And he recalled how they came in column, some bearing hoes, some trace-chains, some baskets, and how they smiled at him and saluted him with "Good eve'n, Marse Pen." ("The rarscles; they knew how much it pleased me," thought the Colonel, as he smiled again at the recollection.) It had touched him so much that he had said: "Boys, I thank you; I *thank* you." And, seeing that it pleased him, they had after that dropped into the habit of coming by each evening and bowing to him, with a cheery and respectful "Good even', Marse Pen." He could remember the sincere good-will shining in their eyes whenever they went through that evening ceremony, commanded by the slave and obeyed by the master, ever afterwards, and pleasing to both. And now they were all gone save George and Rastus,

and George's one daughter. "Faithful George!" muttered the Colonel, "and Rastus—who began so badly. But I can blame none of those my slaves. I advised them to go. I told them it would be to their advarntage to go, because I knew I could do nothing more for them now."

As these glimpses of old times came before him this autumn evening he bowed his head and said, as if affirmatively to some utterance he had just heard: "Yes, we *are* drifting." Then he entered his house; but he had taken in the present situation. He began to think over resources, and he came to the conclusion that as he had nothing in sight he had no right to incur further financial obligations. So the Neil bills-of-fare were now such as the Colonel's slaves would have grumbled at in the old days.

He had not long before asserted that he found much pleasure, and some advarntage, in cultivating his geyard'n. Indeed, since that remark, he had applied himself with greater industry, and had extended his tilling operations to farming.

The Colonel now made a careful calculation of the returns he would have from his crops,

pigs, and chickens, and—he laughed here, in a knowing way to himself, as his face beamed almost cunningly with his inward satisfaction over this last eminently practical and seemingly insignificant, though at the same time bold, bit of business enterprise of his—and ha! ha! lightwood! A matter, he thought, most people would pars by, and yet he anticipated a handsome revenue—cash revenue from the sale of lightwood. He had heard that prices in Richmond were as much as fifty cents a bundle; but, for the sake of argument, he would cut that figure down. He would say twenty-five cents a bundle. He thought, with more and more satisfaction, of the rapidly growing number of bundles piled up in his smoke-house. He would wait until he gathered a boat-load. Here was cash—so much cash in your hand, sir. The Colonel almost feared to acknowledge how large the pile already was, and so he went about in his woods, axe in hand, splitting pine-knots or cutting rich faggots from the heart of growing trees.

"I am not kyarst down by the outlook yet," he thought with much gratitude, as he requested such darkies as he met to be sure

to hail the next batteau on the river, and inform the captain to stop at Rosalia landing for a load of lightwood. Two days after that, as the Colonel went to his smoke-house, he saw that the hasp had been prized out, and the entire stock of lightwood was gone. For a moment he was paralyzed at this theft. He returned to his library and thought a while. Later in the day he requested such darkies as he met to tell the boatman that he would not require his services until the next trip. He kept the fact of the robbery to himself. It was not the loss of the fruit of so much labor that hurt him, but the thought that anyone thereabouts would steal from him.

The Colonel's farming operations were checked again for a time by an incident entirely unforeseen. He had watched with increasing pride his experiment of chicken-raising. Out of thirty-three only two had died—one being sickly from the time it was hatched—and one had been killed by a mink, before the hen-house was hedged around with such a net-work of rock and tin fortifications, that it became impregnable against future minks. The Colonel decided to send

eighteen of the finest chickens by boat to Richmond.

"Not alone because I can use ready cash to some advarntage, but it is time to put myself in connection with the—the provision marts," he said to himself. And yet, looking at the fine array of plump chickens, he disliked the idea of parting with any of them. They followed him about the yard, knew his presence so well that he had grown attached to them all.

"I will have to pick them out by charnce. I—I—hate to decide upon the fate of any one," he continued, regretfully, as he fed them a few days before their intended shipment.

That very night the hen-house was broken open and seven chickens stolen. It was no mink this time ; the planks had been ripped from the rear. The Colonel now became indignant, and, though saying nothing publicly, he thought quite bitterly that some special enemy must be lurking in that vicinity. The next night four more chickens were stolen in the same way, the thief doubtless inferring that boldness was the secret of success in chicken-stealing. Colonel Neil

now resolved that he would watch the hen-house. "I have a right—I owe it to myself," he said firmly, "to protect my—my—preserves."

He armed himself with the long single-barrelled shot gun with which, as a young man, he had hunted ducks about the creeks and marshes. Then he stationed himself at his window commanding a view of the hen-house, and sat there for a week, night after night until day-break, when he dropped into a doze. But his chickens were safe.

There was another watcher, whose sentinel duty was unknown to the Colonel—Uncle George Israel. After the second theft the aged darkey had missed the chickens, and when he asked the Colonel about them had learned of the robbery.

He displayed much indignation, and went off with the remark, "I spicions de one whar done dat—I got my spicions of de ve'y nigger an I gwi keep close eye on dat hen-house. Why'nt dey steal some other white folk chicken? What dey warn steal fum Marse Pen for?"

George Israel, therefore, kept an eye on the hen-house. On a night when the moon was

full the sentinel Colonel thought he heard George Israel's voice crying: "I see you all stealin' dem chicken."

The Colonel picked up the gun and, standing before the open window, said in a loud voice: "Halt! Stop or I shoot!" He saw one and then a second figure jump from behind the hen-house. His further call, "Stop instantly!" only caused the two persons to move rapidly across the yard, and his hands trembling with excitement, he raised his gun and fired at random. A yell followed as one of the figures rolled over: "My Lord! I killed." The Colonel knew the voice, and in the moonlight he could identify the person as Rastus Johnson. No matter what execution the load of bird-shot had accomplished, it had plainly not ended the life of Rastus, for he quickly arose, and sped away, once in a while venting exclamations of pain. The Colonel noticed that Rastus' companion halted at the moment of the report, and retraced his steps towards Rastus, but seemingly losing courage, rushed away. This individual the Colonel was almost certain was Nehemiah Nottum. The shot and shouts speedily brought out every one on the place.

The Colonel was agitated.

"I—I—did my bounden duty in geyarding my—my preserves, but I regret this occurrence. I must have struck the misguided wretch severely, for he seemed to fall upon the grahs heavily." It was then about four o'clock in the morning, and the Colonel's exploit had broken the rest of everybody for the remainder of the night. "Who was the thief?" was the question which was renewed after daylight. The Colonel said nothing save to himself.

"I had thought Rastus, though a slave of bad inclinations, as a youth, I had thought he had mended his ways. I surely had the right to geyard my preserves, and yet I would rarther he had stolen all the chickens than have discovered him as a thief. It is strange —a strange charnce that he was the—the—recipient of this charge of bird-shot, for I took no aim ; I fired as a warning only."

"Nemmine bout you," was George Israel's observation, made with a knowing look, when he was asked about the shooting. "Nemmine bout you, what I know I know; what I see I see; what I hear I hear. Y'all think Marse Pen too ole to handle gun. He—heyah. *Yah!*

Lor! bang! *Zoo!* An den dee was a shout. He —heyah—*yah!* Too ole to handle de gun! I lay de ain nar nuther nigger gwi fool long Marse Pen hen-house 'gin."

The unlooked-for adventure shook the Colonel's nerves that day very much. He was conscious of a worn-out and perturbed feeling, and for the first time in several weeks did not go into the field and garden. The day was quite oppressive, and though with secret misgivings that he was allowing a spirit of lethargy to steal him from duties demanding his attention, he could not resist the inclination to remain in the shade of his cool porch with the solace of his books. In his agricultural zeal he had been forced to lay them aside, and while missing his favorite authors very much all that time, he had never been so irresistibly drawn towards them as he was to-day. He felt that they could soothe him. He was agitated physically and troubled in mind over the fact that he had shot a man, how severely he did not know, though he had been assured that a load of bird-shot could not have done serious damage at the distance from which he fired it. "Ah, this is true, indeed," he soliloquized,

as his eyes caught one of his liked papers in the *Spectator*, and his face resumed almost the habitual placid expression which the day's worry had driven away from it.

"Yes, sir," remarked the Colonel to the book, "I agree with you perfectly—perfectly. You are right, sir—you are right, and you are kind. I thank you—I *thank* you." Then he read, in a low tone, a passage he had often read before, as follows:

"I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as an habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient; cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depression of melancholy; on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity."

"True, very true. A friendly admonition at this—this precise moment, in view of this

morning's mischarnce. No, no, not strictly speaking a mischarnce. Arfter all, a—a—conjunction of circumstarnces over which I have had no commarnd—positively no commarnd. I surely had the moral right to defend my—my—preserves, my—my—keyarsle ; for a man's *home* is his keyarsle."

In all his life the Colonel had never had a greater feeling of indebtedness to his esteemed friend, Joseph Addison, than at this moment.

Late that evening the excitement reached fever-heat at Rosalia and thereabouts, when it was learned that Colonel Pendleton Neil was actually under arrest, in custody of a constable at the courthouse, charged with feloniously shooting him, the said Rastus Johnson, with intent to maim, disfigure, disable, and kill, against the peace and dignity of this Commonwealth. News, however, travels slowly in the country. The Colonel was arrested as he sat alone in his porch.

No magistrate could be found that night to bail him, and so Pendleton Neil laid in jail tossing feverishly, for the air was hot. He could not sleep, for the rudeness of the adventure had agitated him ; but before break

of day he had resolved himself into his habitual cheerful frame of mind. Then he said:

"Strange things have come to pars in Virginia indeed. Here I am in a dungeon, charged with the murder of one of my former slaves. And the keeper of this dungeon, the man who locks me in, was once a slave of my neighbor. Ah, we are drifting. Poor old State. We are drifting!"

He detected through the jail bars the reflection of the sun as it was rising, and a cooling breeze seemed to come through the window with the light.

"Ah, that is pleasant arfter such a close, stifling night," he muttered.

Then he noticed the three holly-trees near the walls of the jail, and their branches shook with the emulating fluttering of the bluebird company, whose merry chatter was gladsome; and now above the midst of this majority, there aspired an outburst from the humbler rest of a fence bush, an outburst cleaving through and soaring over their aggregated sounds, and brilliantly whirling in aery evolutions; rich jewels of wondrous vocalization, as though the modest-hued maligned cat-bird, was triumphing by right of

merit over its detractors, and working revenge in these notes evokeful of admiration.

"How blythely those birds sing among the trees!" he said, with a smile. "I farncy if I were a prisoner long I would always be tempting them to sing by my window. Just here my thoughts recur to an old—yes, very old—sonnet. Strange; I have skyarsely read it in twenty years. Let me see—by whom—by whom? Lovelace, was it not? The Cavalier poet, Lovelace, I am sure—quite sure. Lovelace—Richard Lovelace; I think written in prison, perhaps just before he died. I never thought I would recall it under such circumstarnces, but it is apposite, very apposite.

> 'Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage,
> Minds innocent and quiet take
> That for a hermitage,
> If I have freedom—'

"Ah, now," he murmured; "I have lost the thread, I fear. I fail to recall that line. Let me see—let me see: 'And in my *soul* am free.' I remember that—that laudable, excellent sentiment, indeed. 'And in my soul am free.' Just before that: 'If I have freedom'—freedom. Ah, it is here! I have it—

> 'If I have freedom in my *love*,
> And in my soul am free,
> Angels alone, that soar above,
> Enjoy such liberty.'"

In his enthusiasm he stepped hastily to the centre of his cell, as he said, "such liberty!" and his face lit up very much as he repeated the lines, but the energetic and revolutionary motion of the arm endangered his balance, for he had lost his cane, and standing was not easy without it, as one of his legs was shorter than the other, and his recent agricultural labors had lately caused it to pain him.

"Poor Lovelace!" he said; "I recall his career more distinctly now; wounded, despoiled of his fortune, sick and in prison, and died before the cause for which he fought was restored. Those are noble sentiments of his in this—this verse. I wish I could place my hand this very moment upon what he wrote. There is something more of like felicity. Let me see:

> 'When linnet-like confined, I
> With shriller note shall sing'——

What is the rest?" He paced his cell thoughtfully, but the remainder of the sonnet eluded

his memory, and while he was engrossed in the effort to recall the lines, his reflections were interrupted by some noise outside the jail walls. He could hear voices, low at first, and then it seemed that caution had been dismissed and the talking was loud and general.

"Gentlemen, good mornin'," the Colonel heard one of them say. "I have just learned of this outrage. It is time now to hang somebody, openly, boldly, and without further delay."

"My gracious!" the prisoner thought, aghast; "they are going to resort to deeds of violence. Stop there! stop there!" he shouted. Then with trembling hands he drew the cumbersome cell bunk to the window and stood upon it, by means of which elevation he was enabled to see the group below and be seen by them.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen! my friends!" he exclaimed, as loudly as he could. All glanced up and saw him. To their eyes he looked many years older and broken. His usually clean-shaven face was now whitened by the rough outcroppings of beard caused by the omission for two mornings of his daily use

of the razor. The steadily increasing heat of the cell had brought out streams of sweat upon his forehead, and the movement of the bunk from the position where it had stood undisturbed for many months, had sent forth a cloud of dust, much of which adhered in ugly black stripes to the damp surface of Pendleton Neil's countenance heretofore so placid and kindly. Several of those in the group below were heard to say afterwards that they could never forget that face as seen between the jail bars which were grasped by the two hands, trembling and grimy from such unusual contact.

"My God! I will not stand that sight," shouted Reverley Digges. "God bless you, Colonel; God bless you, sir!" He waved his hat to the prisoner. "We'll not let you stay in that hole five minutes longer." Then all of them waved to him.

"My friends, my friends—gentlemen!" called the Colonel, as he vainly attempted to strengthen the volume of his utterances by clearing his throat. "Please make no hostile demonstration; no resistance of the constituted authorities. Let us proceed in the proper way."

Here the group was enlarged by the presence of two new-comers, breathless, travel-stained and red in the face from their hurried journey, for they had walked or run all the way. These parties were John Ransom and Bill Byley, both having shot-guns upon their shoulders, the armament of the latter being increased by the formidable-looking cheese-knife which he had caught up at the store and stuck in his belt.

"No, I d'warn look at him. I ainter goin' to ever see his face through no jail bars," said Bill Byley, fixing his eyes sternly upon the ground, "I'm here for business."

The group grew rapidly in a few minutes, and now numbered eighteen men—three more bringing shot-guns, and one having his old army musket.

"My friends, your attention, please," the Colonel again shouted, as well as he could in his agitation, for the crowd seemed to be animated by a delicate sentiment leading them to simulate an inability to see him behind the bars of a jail, especially after Bill Byley's emphatic remark. "My friends," the prisoner proceeded to say, "please do nothing until the arrival of the magistrate."

"Come on," shouted Ransom; "come on, boys! Come on, ole Virginia!"

They moved around to the front of the jail and out of sight of the prisoner. The unusual hum of voices at that early hour had waked the negro jailor, and when imperative blows were showered upon the door he opened the window above, and leaning out, exclaimed:

"Who dat mak'n dat noise down dar?"

"Ransom, I *swar* I got a good mind to pink the nigger," said Bill Byley to his companion, as he brought his gun to his shoulder; "a dam black crow cawin' up thar over a gentleman."

"Hol' on; what's he sayin'?" returned Ransom, in a low tone. "What's the nigger sayin'?"

The jailor's eyes stared first with amazement, and then fright. "Gent'mun, what de marter down dar?" he asked.

"We are here to demand the instant release of Colonel Neil," returned Mr. Fellington.

"Take that head out of that window, you dam black crow, or I'll pink you cert'n," shouted Bill Byley, unable to restrain himself.

The head was withdrawn in a twinkling, and the window fell. The panes having left their frames, the jailor could now conduct negotiations without raising it.

"Gent'mun, I'll open de do'. Y'ain gwi trouble me, is you? Mis' Brade tole me I boun't lock 'im up," cried the official, as his teeth chattered with terror.

"I knew it," shouted Bill Byley. "John Ransom, I tol' you that worm was at the bottom of this. He's a goner when I see him."

"Yas, boss, Mis' Brade de one whar say I gotter do it—de word done pass I gotter do it—" jabbered the jailor, scarcely knowing what he was saying. "Speyar me, my marsters; speyar a po' igneunt nigger."

"You will not be harmed," said Fellington. "Release the prisoner instantly. You have been imposed upon."

"All right; I gwi let him out dis vey minute," returned Cæsar, much relieved and hastening off.

He was at the door in an instant with his charge, who was enthusiastically received. But the raiders, or, as they were termed by some Northern historians of that day, "the infuriated mob," received a check at this

stage of the proceedings from none other than Col. Pendleton Neil himself. He greeted them indeed warmly, shaking each one by the hand.

"No, gentlemen," he said, "I keyarnt consent to leave this court-house until the formality of an examination by a magistrate is through with. You apprehend that I have been dungeoned upon a charge, fabricated I hold, but yet that charge is spread upon that court-house record. It is written there against me and sent forth by a magistrate. My acquittal or conviction must be recorded along with that charge. I keyarnt leave until this formality is complied with. My friends, we have enemies—the old State has enemies—and this—this loyalty on your part to me—this—keyindness never to pars from my memory, may be used not alone to our personal detriment—that we could stand—but to the detriment of our beloved and stricken State, and our equally beloved and stricken South. My fellow-countymen,—my—words at this precise moment keyarnt afford me the medium by which to fittingly set forth my—my—deep appreciation of your keyindness, but I purpose to—to place in

writing at an early day, a more appropriate recital of my feelings on this occasion, one giving you a testimonial your bold and—and chivalric attention to me by right should, and *does*, imperatively demarnd, and which the absence of leesure now, and the present excited condition of my—my mind prevents me from enunciating. Gentlemen, I thank you; I *thank* you."

The magistrate for this district was Nehemiah Nottum, a negro. He appeared in the court-room accompanied by Solon Brade.

Magistrate Nottum, in answer to the Colonel's dignified "demarnd as a citizen and Virginian, to know why I am arrested and inkeyarcerated," stated that it was upon complaint of Rastus Johnson. Rastus had been about the court-house all night, and was soon on the witness stand. His statement was to the effect, that an early hour, just before day, he was on his way to the mines. He was walking rapidly along the path behind Colonel Neil's house, and hearing an imperative demand to halt or he would be shot, became frightened, and ran across the yard, and the first thing he knew he was shot in

the back. He recognized Colonel Neil's voice, and noticed that the report of the gun proceeded from the Colonel's house.

"He is right in his statement as to the—the whereabouts of the firearm," said the Colonel with great firmness, as he glanced around the court-room. "And he was—he was presumably the—the recipient of a wound, or doubtless several punctures, more or less severe, from the weapon I myself discharged. I—I—had the right, undoubtedly the prerogative of every citizen, for a man's home is his keyarsle, I had the right to—to protect my preserves." The Colonel then made his statement.

Just here Solon Brade, the carpet-bagger, said he would take the liberty of remarking, for the enlightenment of all concerned, that having heard Rastus Johnson's recital, and seeing that Rastus apprehended further attack from Col. Neil, he had informed Rastus that he undoubtedly had the right to get a warrant for the Colonel's arrest. So as a matter of self-protection this was done.

The result of this examination was satisfactory, and among the archives of his native county, along with the only charge ever pre-

ferred against Pendleton Neil, of Rosalia, was the entry—

"Case desmysd.

"NEHEMIAH NOTTUM, J. P."

"Neemi' Nottum, I warn see you," said Unc' George Israel, after the crowd had moved out on the court-house green. The two walked to a corner of the yard.

"Looky heyar, nigger," exclaimed Unc' George, "what you warn come arter Marse Pen chick'n for? Whyn't you steal chick'n fum po' white people ef you gwi steal um? What you warn steal fum my quality folk for?"

"What you got do wid me?" was the surly response.

"I got dis," was the significant answer. "You better stay 'way fum dat hen-house. *I* gwi do some shoot'n' next time an' I gwi shoot. You know what kind 'r shot you gwi git fum me?"

"*What* kind shot?"

"You gwi git wrought-iron nails. Dem de kind I gwi put in my gun. When dat load hit a nigger—good-bye, nigger! Looky heyar," the speaker continued, in a confidential and gently advisory tone, as he placed his hand

on the listener's shoulder, "looky heyar, nigger, *ef* you warn yo' *in*sides all jus' wropped roun' an' nailed toguther, like hoops roun' cider barr'l, an' the nails *cleenched* so dey won' come out, you jus' prize nuth'r plank off'n dat hen-house. I gwi teck my powder-horn to Mr. Ransom's for to fill it dis vey night. I nuv'r use bird-shot when I hunt 'r nigger. I d' warn no hammer to drive *dem* nails whar I gwi git."

"Who you tell'n' all dat to?" was the reply. "Lord, I ain' studd'n' 'bout you, Unc' George."

"I done say all I gwi say. Lemme see," observed the old darkey, counting on his fingers and looking off thoughtfully. "Half-poun'—better say *whole* poun'—wrought-iron nails, Mr. Ransom, an' box caps, an' two poun' powder. Dis vey night, an' I gwi load her mos' to de brim; but I gwi clean her out *fus'*. She shoot, too, dat ole musket feyarly *do* shoot. My Lord, how she do keyar 'r load! Umph! stan' fum out de front!"

He waved his hand as if to warn all persons in the vicinity to clear the track. This was the first intimation given in that region that George Israel was the possessor of a gun,

and Nehemiah Nottum was astonished at this sudden claim to superior markmanship by a one-armed colored man. But Nehemiah looked at him derisively and asked:

"Who you talk'n to 'bout steal'n chick'n?"

"I tell'n you; *I* see you. I heerd you say 'prize slow, Rastus, prize slow.' And *you* see me when I come to de do' an holler to you all."

"Nem mine bout you, nem mine bout you," was the answer. "*You* think case niggers wid one arm is skeeus, you *vey* import'nt. *I* kin chop off my arm, too. Dat what you did *I* believe. I don' believe no doctor cut off dat arm. I spicions you cut dat arm off pu'pose to say you de onliest one-arm nigger what dee is. Don meck no mo miration roun me, *I* tell you."

"You better go long an ten' y'own business," was Uncle George Israel's warning reply. "I do'n teck no word fum ar nowhar nigger like you is no how. Dat's jus' what you is. *You* ain nuth'n. Y' ain got no pedegree ; y' ain got no title whar you kin prove."

"Looky heyar—looky heayr, George Israel! Don' crowd me, don' crowd me," remonstrated Nehemiah, taking off his hat and slinging it

to the ground. "Don use no sayins like dat to me."

"*Who* us'n any sayins?"

"You is—"

"You liar, you liar. Don' you come roun' wid no lie 'bout my us'n *sayins*. Ef you don' look sharp you wake up in 'r graveyard to-morrer an' you wonder how you git dar."

"*Who* gwi sen' me dar?"

"Nem mine who gwi sen' you dar. You think case you kin read out de book you know ev'ything, but y' ain gwi read nuth'n in no book whar kin tell who sont you *dar*. You keep fool'n roun' me you wake up to-morrer mornin early in graveyard, sho, an you be a skel't'n, *too*. Lord know you ainter gwi meck no *good* look'n skel't'n. Looky heyar, Nee'mi'," the speaker concluded, in a confidentially low tone, "You de blackest nigger I uv'r *did* see. I don' see how dee got you so black."

"Ole nigger," replied Nehemiah, as he picked up his hat and smiled, "I seed you at de cirkeus whar here dis August gone twelve munt. You was dar, warn't you?"

"Of cose I at de cirkeus."

"Did'n you see dat rhi'*ros*tis whar horn com'n out de top of his nose?"

"Yas, of cose, I see de rhi'*ros*tis. What you ax'n sich fool question like dat for?"

"Did'n you see 'im when he eat'n straw same as a cow?"

"Yas, nigger, yas; I see dat."

"Well; I warn say dis, ole black man: Did you know dee was 'r flee on dat rhi'*ros*tis' back; but dat ain meck no difference to de rhi'*ros*tis. He kep on eat'n dat straw. He nuv'r know ar flea was dar—de flea so *mighty* small. Well, dat how much I studd'n 'bout you, ole nigger. I do'n know you is *'bout*. I ain heyar ney word you spoke. Lem me see," continued Nehemiah, smiling to himself and exploring the vicinity with his eyes, "Well, I declar, I de onliest man in dis co't-yard dis minute. I wonder whar dat po' ole nigger, George Israel, is, whar brag so much case he think he de onliest one-arm nigger in de worl? Las' time I see 'im was day 'fo *yist*'dy. Well, I feel'n right lonesome stand'n heyar all by mysef. I bes' sing some. Umph, de Lordy, Lordy, how lonesome I is right dis minnit. I give mos' anything to see somebody, even ef 't was a dog."

Having uttered this sarcasm, Nehemiah Nottum beat time on the ground with one foot, and looking up into the clouds hummed softly:

"Shine along, shine along, my home is on de Jordan-l-a-n',
My home is on de Jordan."

Uncle George Israel's eyes flashed fury. He seemed to restrain a desire to do personal injury to the singer, and said, after a pause:

"I don' have no call for Nowhar Niggers, nohow. A Nowhar Nigger better stay way fum me. Well, I better be mov'n on de sto fo it close."

Then, addressing the imaginary storekeeper again, he said: "Mr. Ransom, put plenty powder in dat horn, an I warn dem wrought-iron nails wid *sharp* pints. Lucinda, teck de shutter off'n dat winder and put de bench whar I kin sit right dar. Don' fool wid dat gun, gal !—hit's loaded up to de brim. I hunt'n niggers now, an I warn have 'r good res' thew de winder so I kin put dat whole load in 'r nigger's hide, an 'r Nowhar Nigger's hide at dat."

With this brief outline of prospective and immediate speeches to be made to his daugh-

ter, and to Ransom, the old darkey walked off in one direction and Nehemiah Nottum in another, each informing himself in a loud voice, and with evident satisfaction, just what he intended doing, the upshot of it all being that one-armed niggers and Nowhar Niggers were to be swept from the face of the earth.

It had been a trying three days' experience to the Colonel. His nerves had been tugged at in a way unparalleled in his long career, and he was very weary that night as he sat alone in his library by the light of a single candle, and though without sleep for two nights and physically distraught, his mind was not yet calm enough to give him slumber. He found the *Spectator* on the table just where he had hastily placed it when he had been arrested as a felon, and the volume was partially open, for in his haste he had closed it at a favorite page on which he had, in his agitation, involuntarily laid a bit of lightwood he had intended to forward to the commercial marts as a sample, and thus it seemed that this lightwood had kept the pages apart there, with an intimation that it was ready to furnish him illumination sufficient to see the soothing calm of Joseph Ad-

dison, who spoke of cheerfulness as "an habit of the mind, daylight in the mind, filling it with steady and perpetual serenity."

"Yes, yes," said the Colonel, as he opened the book at this page, "yes, yes—very true. A lesson here, a useful lesson. Ah, I try not to think of the day and it's terrible warning to me. I thank God that I did not wound Rastus severely, for to have done him serious bodily harm under the doubtful circumstances surrounding his—his—identity, would have been fearful to my future peace of mind. While I myself have been so sure about the presence of Rastus on my preserves that night, yet my reason, my—my reflective ability should have—have—admonished me how easily I might be mistaken. In the early morning—by the light of the moon—and my eyesight probably defective! This assuredly teaches—warns—how careful old men should be in using firearms."

He was yet restless—restless. He had never known his hands to tremble so long. "What a day of excitement this has been," he muttered, "beginning with the sun-rise. Ah!" he smiled, as his face lit up with the recollection of the songsters of the wood who

had gladdened for him the descent of the dawn. This was indeed the most soothing feature of the eventful experience. "How blythely they sang crowding those holly trees so near the prison walls. Wise, indeed, methinks, to leave trees standing there, and birds should always be—be accorded this charnce—this perch from whence to—to promulgate their music through the jail-bars. How blythely they sang!" he said again, as he clasped his hands over his knees and looked down thoughtfully. "Let me see—I remember. It was this which set me to thinking of the forgotten lines of Lovelace—Richard Lovelace, the Cavalier poet:

> 'When linnet-like, confined, I
> With shriller note shall sing'——

I will find them." He soon had the right book in his hand. "Ah! yes, here it is—the most beautiful—touching—of all of them, to my thinking:

> 'When linnet-like, confined, I
> With shriller note shall sing
> The mercy, sweetness, majesty,
> And glories of my King;
> When I shall voice aloud how good
> He is, how great should be,
> Th' enlarged winds that curl the flood
> Know no such liberty!'

Eloquent indeed—sadly resounding with the —the spirit of the—the dying Cavalier, for he was dying then, as I now recall; his remaining days were but few—yes—but few. He was—his theme was—his *earthly* monarch —his—his—temporal sovereign, when he said:

> 'I
> With shriller note shall sing
> The mercy, sweetness, majesty,
> And glories of my King;'

and yet to my mind these—this—this—tribute seems almost like a hymn—a hymn to God—to the Ruler above—grarnd—"

The old tall clock in the library corner began to tell off twelve strokes, and the Colonel looked up quickly and startled.

"Midnight—midnight—and now Sunday. I had forgotten, and this is our church-day."

He put aside the book and took from the table a worn volume, yellow of page and big of print. "Yes—ah, yes—

> 'The mercy, sweetness, majesty,
> And glories of my King.'

Yes—is it not appropriate? this—this—moment. And—and when I go over the—the

varst experiences and dangers I have parsed through this day, this eventful day—

> 'When I shall voice aloud how good
> He is ——'

Ah! the very lines of the—the wounded and —and—broken and dying Cavalier are— are—." The Colonel did not finish the sentence, for he closed his eyes reverently, and presently turned the leaves of the Book of Common Prayer of his church and read its form of Evening Family Prayer, as had been the wont of his ancestors at Rosalia, as the shadows fell. So Pendleton Neil, following an ancient and honorable custom, devoutly went through the Confession of Sins with a prayer for contrition and pardon; prayer for grace to reform and grow better; and as each word was lifted by faith from its page and sent upward, the Colonel read:—

> "Reform whatever is amiss in the temper and disposition of our souls; that no unclean thoughts, unlawful designs or inordinate desires, may rest there. Purge our hearts from envy, hatred and malice; that we may never suffer the sun to go down upon our wrath; but may always go to our rest in peace, charity and good will, with a conscience void of offence towards Thee and towards men—"

"Offence towards Thee and towards men," echoed the Colonel, thoughtfully, as he paused and allowed the book to close in his hand. "And two nights ago I prayed against unlawful designs and hatred and malice. Was there not malice in my heart, anger, as I waited armed all night watching for the man I shot? And I designed to shoot him—unlawfully designed. May I be forgiven—may I be forgiven when I too think of

> 'The mercy, sweetness, majesty,
> And glories of my King.'

Amen—amen—oh, my God, amen! Grateful—grateful that this man's death is not to my—my charge. For this mercy, my King, I thank Thee—I *thank* Thee."

As he bowed his head in silent prayer the candle fell, and presently his eyelids were weighted with sudden sleepiness as he groped the way to his room, and when the sun rose Sunday morning, while the birds sang blythely by his window, he lay across the bed upon which he had fallen, and his knowledge of them and of all around him was shut off, nor did he speak again in the few

days he lingered, save once, and then he shaded his eyes with his hand as though viewing his fields, and laughed softly to himself as he muttered, "the rarscles, they knew how much it pleased me."

William W. Archer.

THE WANDERER.

My lamb is missing from the nightly fold,
And bleak the wind that sweeps the darkening wold;
Where wandereth she, so late and over-bold,
With timid feet.

Hath any seen a lamb that's gone astray,
Caught on the thorns that lined her homeward way,
Or slipping down the steep, alack-a-day!
With piteous bleat?

Why to the storm is turned her tender breast?
Her fold was full of love, and warmth, and rest.
There was no lamb so sheltered and caressed
The sun beneath.

Or is she housed in an alien fold
With simple head forgetful of the old
And fated soon to shiver with the cold
Upon the heath?

Some thief hath stolen my lamb, though many had he,
And all the world had but this one for me,
An idle shepherd I shall ever be
With idle crook.

There was but one I ever wished to guide
Over the chasm or up the mountain side,
And pipe to on the meadows green and wide,
From shady nook.
Oh, Thou Good Shepherd! seek her in the path
That many a pitfall, many a sorrow hath;
On her bewildered head let not thy wrath
Eternal break.

To the calm pastures of a better land
Where all the sheep are tended by Thy hand
And follow ever as Thou dost command
My wanderer take!

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

TO A SAXON WOMAN.

Thou honorest, lady, much the constant strain,
The stream of Saxon steel that stays thy heart;
Of its heroic past thou worthy art;
Its future sure whilst such as thou remain.
Stout-fibred as thy soul t' endure all pain,
Staunch as when first it had its virile start,
Strong to command in some stout viking's heart,
Whose dragon pennon flouted fierce the main.
Oft hath it since dyed many a crimson plain,
In many a 'leaguered town held death at bay;
Fine tempered in the dainty, gentle frame
Of Saxon womanhood defied his sway.
Fame on the scaffold wrested oft from shame
The dauntless Teuton blood, the valorous Saxon strain.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

THE RED LORD OF THE SOIL.

He saw the ships come sailing on his streams,
He marked the forts which rose along his strand;
Sore trouble entered in his thoughts and dreams,
The great trees fell before the white man's hand,
And wild fowl rose from many a broad lagoon
Scared at the thunder of his musketoon.
Marking this havoc, and the slaughtered game,
Before his fancy cruel famine rose,
His so-called friends he only knew as foes.
Then, in his heart there entered hate and shame;
And well might then the Indian warrior start
The Saxons' swords were thirsty at his heart!
Preaching the cross, they crucifixion gave,
And loud for Freedom, made the chief a slave!

JAMES BARRON HOPE.

MISS ISABELLA.

MISS ISABELLA.

Situated well back from the county road was the little church of Mount Calvary. It was a simple wooden structure, nothing more than an old-fashioned meeting-house, but it had played a great part in the lives of the country people, who gathered there once every week—some to exchange greetings, some to talk over the condition of crops, and others to sing lustily old-time hymns, such as "Rock of Ages," and to worship God in their own honest way. One thing about Mount Calvary impressed me always as being very unique. Into the walls, broken and cracked as they were in many places, several plain marble slabs had been inserted; the inscriptions upon these slabs showed that they were there to commemorate the lives of church members who had passed away. I never saw this in any other small country church, and many a Sunday morning my attention was so fixed by the inscriptions that I found myself reading them over and over, when I

should have been listening to the earnest words of the consecrated old preacher. One of these slabs had been erected to the memory of Miss Isabella Westmore. The inscription said that she was a woman of "exalted Christian character, a devoted church member, a loving Sunday-school teacher, who, after a life filled with good works, had died at the age of forty-seven."

Recalling these words, my memory goes back a few years to the summer when I nursed Miss Isabella through her last illness. Some one came to me and said that Miss Isabella (there was no need of giving her full name—we all knew her as *Miss Isabella*) was sick, and alone, except for her paralytic brother and their old servant Chloe. It was a gentle hint that I should go to her; I took it and went. How well I recall what a beautiful day in June it was. The cherry trees along the avenue were filled with birds, singing and chirping; the sloping lawn, uncut, was a mass of sweet clover, and I thought as I drove up to the old house, there was a peculiar charm in the scene. What an old home it was, not changed in any way since '61, and how it and Miss Isabella seemed

suited to one another. She was so unlike the women of to-day—as active, as useful as they, there was always a timidity, a reserve about her, which made her appear very quaint and old-fashioned. As I passed the door and missed her usual kindly smile and hearty welcome, I seemed to realize for the first time what Miss Isabella was to the old place; how without her it was not just the same. I stepped into the parlor to lay aside my hat, the room had a musty, close odor, as if it had not been aired for some days. This, of itself, was evidence of Miss Isabella's illness. Of all the rooms in the house she felt most pride in this one. It had been furnished by her mother fifty years ago, and Miss Isabella had kept it just the same, and always in perfect order, letting in only enough light to show off the family portraits hung upon the walls. Two of these portraits were very fine specimens of Thomas Sully's work. As I looked upon them, the forms stately, the faces strong and intellectual, I felt that I understood anew the dignity of the race from which Miss Isabella had sprung. After this I mounted the winding stairs and came to Miss Isabella's own room, the same one in the southwest

wing of the house which she had occupied since her girlhood. Its furniture was just what the present fashion is seeking to reproduce—white, with a decoration of wild roses and green leaves—it gave the room a fresh air, like a summer garden; and there Miss Isabella lay, as a queen would, I thought, among her snowy pillows, a damask spread thrown across her feet, a dainty muslin cap framing her pale, suffering face. On one side of the bed stood an old negro woman, who held a cup in her hand, and seemed to be trying to persuade Miss Isabella to partake of its contents. On the other side sat a man, who appeared to be very old, his beard and hair were very gray, and he supported himself upon a crutch; his flashing black eye alone showed that his age was not as great as it seemed. Feebly and wearily he swayed back and forth a palm-leaf fan, seeking to drive away the flies from the invalid's bed. I knew that Miss Isabella would not be inclined to have me supplant these old and trusted companions, yet it was evident that some young and steady hand was needed at that bedside. It was only by degrees that I was allowed to beat up the pillows, to admin-

ister the potion from the cup, and finally to take possession of the fan, which the paralytic brother had been manipulating. Miss Isabella had a good night, and the next morning I found myself installed permanently as her nurse.

It was a very sad time; a very trying time. From the first Miss Isabella's illness was known to be fatal. She was aware of it, and often spoke of death as a release, though she said she would have been glad to live a few years longer, had it been God's will. Some days, when a new remedy had given her temporary relief, an expression of hope would brighten her worn face, but it never lasted many hours. Her suffering soon renewed itself, often intensified, and I think it was only her Christian fortitude which kept her from crying out in bitterness and despair. It was not possible that she should derive much pleasure from anything, yet many times she smiled in deep gratitude over a rose, or some sweet thing brought her by a friend; to Chloe, her old servant, she always spoke words of comfort; and some days, when she seemed to feel stronger, she would have her poor paralytic brother come and sit

by her bed, and as long as her strength lasted she would stroke lovingly and tenderly his wasted, thin hands. An old family dog, partially blind and deaf, crept very often into the room, and lay for hours at the foot of the bed, disturbing the peace by scratches and moans; yet Miss Isabella would never allow any one to drive him out. "Fido is so faithful," she would simply say, and no one had the heart to expel the poor creature.

Through all these weeks of agony one little possession seemed to have taken firm hold of Miss Isabella's heart. On the south end of the mantel in her room there stood an unframed photograph, which was evidently a new acquisition. When I first went to Miss Isabella it was quite clean and fresh, and could not have been in its place more than a week or two. It represented a man of about fifty, with a neatly trimmed beard, but with the back hair rolled under, as it was worn thirty or forty years ago. Often during each day Miss Isabella would have me bring this photograph to her, when she would gaze upon it intently, as if studying closely its every feature. At such times I noticed a smile upon her face, but it was always a smile of inde-

scribable sadness. Sometimes she kept the photograph with her, placing it beneath her pillow, and drawing it out from time to time, looking upon it with that same sorrowful smile. As terrible as Miss Isabella's physical suffering was—her trouble was one of those insidious internal diseases, developing into dropsy as death approached—I could look upon it more calmly than upon this despair of hers, which I came to feel was not a new thing in her life. A few days before consciousness left her—later the dropsy attacked the brain—she asked me as usual for the photograph. I placed it in her hands. She looked upon it with more earnestness than ever before; she stroked it with her thin fingers, as if it had been a human face. Suddenly, convulsed by some insuppressible passion, she turned and buried her own face in the pillows. I knelt by the bed and placed my hand over hers. Turning again, she looked at me, her face transformed by a radiant smile, though the tears streamed down her wasted cheeks. "I loved *him*," she said; then, the reserve of years being broken down with the utterance of these words, she wept violently. How thin and worn with age and

illness she looked! How the gray hairs and the wrinkles blended on her brow! There was absolutely nothing one could do, except to catch her few broken words, and ask God to soften this final agony of a loving, self-sacrificing soul.

From what Miss Isabella said then, and from what older people told me later, I was enabled to get at the truth of the matter. Miss Isabella was the only daughter in a large family. Her mother whom Sully represents as a truly beautiful woman, died in '59, and Miss Isabella, then quite young, was left with her widowed father and nine brothers. As every one knows, the civil war came on in '61; four of Miss Isabella's brothers qualified for service in the Confederate army; the other five were young things, demanding of her much care and attention. Though quite a girl herself, she was already engaged to be married to a youth who, in their school days, had captivated her heart. With so many burdens coming upon her at once, the young girl felt that she had no right to think of self, and so her lover was put off, and family duties took the first place in her life. It was not an easy thing to do; yet, having been ardently de-

voted to her mother, she felt unwilling to desert the obligations which her mother had left unfulfilled. The young man whom she was to have married enlisted, like every other loyal soul, in the service of his State, and though he pleaded for marriage before his departure, it seemed best that they should wait.

The war passed. It had done a terrible work for Miss Isabella. Two of her brothers had been killed; the other two came back broken in health. Never before had such demands been made upon her; with a sorrowful heart she surrendered herself to them. Her lover had quarrelled with her, because she was unwilling to go away with him and leave these demands unmet. No doubt the lover was right. Miss Isabella should have gone with him and escaped all these later years, so lonely and sad; but then it seemed to her only right to do as she did. She had very little heart for marriage, or anything apart from grief, in '65. Those days about Petersburg had taken from her the one brother whom she loved most tenderly. He was a splendid young fellow, two years older than Miss Isabella. They had slept in the same

cradle, been nursed together by Chloe, and had shared with one another all their pleasures and sorrows from their earliest years down to the day when Miss Isabella sat weeping over his dead body at Chimborazo, whither he had been carried from Petersburg.

After this Miss Isabella always wore two plain gold rings upon one finger. As time passed they became almost as one ring, so completely had they fitted into each other. The one, I learned, had been her mother's wedding ring; the other she had taken from the hand of her dead brother, who had received it from a young girl he meant to wed. The young girl soon married some one else, and Miss Isabella could never desecrate the ring by returning it to her. After Miss Isabella's death, when we were clearing the old house, we discovered neatly and carefully laid away the full uniform of a Confederate private. It evidently had only been worn a few times; possibly on dress parades. A bundle of letters, tied with a faded ribbon, were in the same drawer, two daguerreotypes, representing a boy and a girl, and on the top of all an old gray felt hat, covered with dirt, and shot through and through, one bullet having

cut in two a small Confederate flag which had been embroidered on one side.

From what Miss Isabella herself told me, I understood that the photograph, which she so often requested to have brought to her, had come into her possession only the week before her illness commenced. She had gone into the city to do some light shopping; passing the business place of her old lover, she was strangely moved to stop and speak with him. Usually so timid and shrinking, it seemed then but natural she should do this. He was changed, very changed, but not so much as she; yet standing there, shaking his hand across his counter, how the past twenty years disappeared, and their youth came back to them! At parting, he gave her that photograph, telling her that he would see her again. She went home, no one can tell with what hope in her heart; that fatal illness came on, she died, and they did not meet again. I can never forget the afternoon when Miss Isabella breathed her last. Consciousness had left her some days before; her breathing became very difficult; we threw open the south window and wheeled her bed near it; I put my arm beneath her head and lifted it

up to meet the sweet southern breeze. Except the twitter of a bird or two above the window and the far-away low of a neighbor's cow, not a sound was to be heard. It was three o'clock, the most quiet hour of a summer's day. How lonely and barren the fields looked as they stretched away from the old house; no laborers, no grain in them, only a few old apple trees filled with deserted robins' nests. A few desperate gasps, a few almost imperceptible breathings, and it was over. Miss Isabella had passed away! I was aroused by the convulsive, even childlike, sobs of her paralytic brother, who clung to the foot of her bed. Chloe put her arm about him; Fido leaped up and licked his hands. Together the three went out of the room.

When Miss Isabella was buried a beautiful wreath of white roses was laid upon the grave. I am sure some one from the city sent it.

N. B. Winston.

BENEDICITE.

TO V. C. P.

I saw her move along the aisle,
The chancel lustres burned the while,
With bridal roses in her hair:
Ah! Never seemed she half so fair.

A manly form stood by her side,
We knew him worthy such a bride;
And prayers went up to God above
To bless them with immortal love.

The vows were said—we knew not yet,
But all were filled with fond regret,
So much a part of us she seemed
To lose her quite we had not dreamed.

Like the "fair Inez," beloved, caressed,
She went into the Shining West;
And, though *one* heart with joy flow'd o'er,
Like hers, she saddened many more.

Lady, tho' far from childhood's things,
Thy gentle spirit folds its wings,
We offer now to him and thee,
A tearful benedicite!

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

TO——— ———

Prologue.

Let no song be sung to thee,
  That does not thrill with virtue's tone,
That is not written in the key
  And chords of purity alone.

And let no one sing for you
  Whose heart hath never touched the skies,
Who cannot bring from Heaven's blue
  The only songs your heart can prize.

Whoso sings for thee—his song
  Should soar beyond mere earthly art—
And few the hands that sweep along
  The grandest octaves of the heart.

Father Ryan.

IN VENICE.

The summer rose, the sun has flushed
With crimson glory, may be sweet;
'Tis sweeter when its leaves are crushed
Beneath the tread of wanton feet.

The rose that waves upon its tree
In life, sheds perfume all around;
More sweet the fragrance floats to me,
Of roses trampled on the ground.

The waving rose with ev'ry breath,
Scents, carelessly, the summer air,
The wounded rose bleeds forth in death,
A sweetness far more rich and rare.

It is a truth beyond our ken,
And yet a truth all may read,
It is with roses as with men,
The sweetest hearts are those that bleed.

The flower, which Bethlehem saw bloom
  Beneath the Virgin Mother's face,
Gave not the fulness of perfume,
  Until the Cross became its vase.

FATHER RYAN.

EASTER SUNDAY.

I kneel at the open tomb,
  I pray in a whispered breath;
From Calvary fades the gloom,
  And glory gleams on death.

He rises—He who died,
  With triumph on his brow,
And the Cross of the Crucified
  Is vindicated now.

And death has lost his dread,
  And all the graves become,
But places where the dead,
  Rest on their pathway home.

FATHER RYAN.

At Amiens, France.

MOON POSSESSED.

[After the French Prose of Charles Baudelaire.]

And as she slept, one arm beneath her head,
As sleeps the Titian Venus, came the moon
And clasped a long white arm about her throat,
And touched her lips, and whispered low to her:—

Because thou hast felt my kiss,
Child, give I this fate to thee—
Whatever thy life may miss,
Like mine shall thy beauty be.

In thine eyes shall be multiform lights,
Of the wave as it upward rides;
With the love of the darkling nights,
The clouds and the shifting tides.

Forever thine eyes shall turn,
To the place where thou may'st not go;
Forever thy heart shall yearn,
For the loves thou may'st not know.

The scent of the far strange flowers,
  Shall quicken a throb in thy brain;
And out of the silent hours,
  Come music akin to pain.

My lovers shall love thee well,
  For of those have I made thee queen,
Whose throats I have clasped in a spell,
  Whose eyes as the sea are green,

Whose hearts have forever yearned,
  For the women they may not know,
Whose eyes have forever turned,
  To the land where they may not go.

The lovers of nights and of clouds,
  Of the uniform multiform sea,
Wave-dashed with the whiteness of shrouds,
  My lovers and thine shall be.

Heed not that men call thee mad,
  Of the scent of the far strange flowers,
Of the marvellous music and sad,
  Struck out of the silent hours.

Thou shalt hear what their ears shall miss,
Shalt see what they may not see.
For that thou hast felt my kiss,
Child, give I this fate to thee.

And stirring not she opened slow her eyes
In wonder at the strangeness of her dream;
And, spirit-still, the long pale moonbeam slipped
From round her throat and lay along the floor.

CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN.

SOME DATA.

A SKETCH.

"So let us watch, a single pale star keeping
Its vigils o'er the tide.
No truth is *lost* for which the true are weeping,
Nor *dead* for which they died."

SOME DATA.

I.

"What is the song the sea-wind sings—
The old, old song it singeth for aye?
It seems to breathe a thousand things
Ere the world grew old, and sad, and grey."

You want some data for a sketch of Ted's life. He was a very reserved fellow, but I suppose I knew him as well as any one did. I might give you facts and dates, but I can give you four scenes in Ted's life that will be better, I think. I was so vividly impressed at those times, that whenever he is mentioned they rise before me as clearly as if set down on canvas.

We were cousins, and I, an undersized, rather sickly orphan, knew no other father or mother than Ted's, nor any other home, nor wanted to know.

Ted broke the ponies—kept the fishing tackle and guns in order—and licked all the fellows who called me "Molly." I did his Latin and Greek when we sat side by side in the old town school, and later, when we went to college, the same division of labor

took place. In the end, our debts were divided by two—Ted graduated creditably, and I was not a disgrace to the class as a sportsman. Not to be able to ride, to shoot, and to manage a boat, was on our course considered a true and deep disgrace, and from this Ted saved me.

He was never happy away from the water, and never away from it any longer than he could help. His father owned Head Island, and Headland was our home. It was a big, white, old-fashioned, Southern country house, with nothing fine about it save the avenue and the people. Comfort, and plenty, and peace, and good-will, and health—happiness came without seeking. Some things at Headland I will never forget; one was the view. Standing in the deep piazza, one looked out from under the shadow of the great live-oaks, over a wide sweep of sun-lit or storm-swept water, clear out to Far Island, where the broad Atlantic roared and thundered. I have never seen any sky so blue, nor any water that sparkled so. Another thing was the jonquils—white jonquils—masses and masses of them that bloomed just before we moved into the town of Deep Haven for the

summer—"As pure as the souls of children," Ted said once to himself, and I overheard him. He would gather reckless quantities and put them in his boat when he went out. He would watch them withering in the sun, while they filled the air with sweetness. "What better death than sunshine, or what pleasanter grave than the water?" he would say, and scatter them overboard.

A third thing that Headland was famous for was the cooking. You see, all of one end of the kitchen was open fire-place. I have been in model kitchens with shining stoves, and trim pans arow, but for good cooking, with all flavors and juices preserved, give me the big open fire-place of the old Southern kitchen. They were necessarily disorderly, for the cook, in order to give his genius full play, had to have so many assistants. They have often been described, but you have never heard of Headland's stuffed crabs and terrapin soup, that were unrivaled—of the callapash and callapee—of the sweet wafers and rice waffles—nor of the rendering of game and fish that was a symphony in taste. Of course Uncle Edward died of gout; just before the war, fortunately, and Aunt Mary

followed him in a month—broken-hearted. Marriage was a success in those days.

There was another memorable thing at Headland—the beds. They absolutely wooed one to sleep ; the linen was so fine, the pillows were so big. I preferred to lie awake and enjoy the comfort, and watch the red glow from the lightwood fire play on the white walls—on the white frill around the top of the big four-poster—on the silhouettes of my grand-parents, in their funny gilt frames, that hung over the dressing-table—on the dressing-table itself, standing on four long, slim legs, held together at the bottom by a shelf, at the top by two shallow drawers which supported an oblong looking-glass. If I had only a thousand dollars I would give it all for that old dressing-table. I think I could find Ted's face in that glass.

Ted had some strange ways. He would float alone in his boat on the moonlit waters all night. He would spend nights and days in the woods and swamps, and he knew the voice and habits of every beast and bird that lived there. But the first time that Ted took shape for me, so that I had any impression

at all of his looks, was once while we were at home from college.

It was a brilliant day in July, with a stiff breeze blowing, that put a cap on every ripple in Deep Haven sound—"river," we called it. So much for the wind; the sun was scorching. There was a devil-fish expedition on foot among our uncles, and fathers, and cousins, and we were keen to go. Ted had his own boat and oarsmen, but that was not the point. It is dangerous sport, and Ted was not altogether well, and Aunt Mary was miserable; so Uncle Edward said a flat-footed "No" to us, although he was the leader of this very expedition. Ted, however, manned his boat, got his harpoon and lances in order, stretched his line, and asked me to go with him to see the fun. At the last moment cousin Fred stepped into our boat, and sat down near me where I was holding the tiller ropes. Cousin Fred always dressed in white in summer, with a dandy white hat and a white umbrella. The most immaculate person possible. This day, as he sat down, Uncle Edward looked at him quizzically.

"You are aiding and abetting my boys in rebellion, Frederick," he said. Cousin Fred.

drew his hand over his beard thoughtfully, and his eyes smiled behind his glasses.

"I understood that Ted and Robin were going as spectators," he answered, "and four oars do not promise a long cruise."

"Yet, that looks like work," and Uncle Edward pointed to Ted's harpoon and skillfully coiled line.

"So it does," Cousin Fred. answered, musingly, "but perhaps those are put in for safety. Suppose a dangerous fish should attack us? These waters abound in jelly-fish."

Uncle laughed. "You are always on their side," he said; "but, remember, there is your Cousin Mary to settle with."

We followed modestly behind the big boats as they made their way over to Broad Creek, drawing out a little further than the rest, which was perfectly in keeping with our part as audience. Presently a wing appeared above the water; every boat dashed forward except ours. Ted, standing in the bow, harpoon in hand, made his men back water, and Cousin Fred. smiled. Very soon we heard cries and exclamations, and saw confusion in the little fleet; then we knew that the fish had gone. They had turned to come back,

when a black wing swept all the oars from one side of our boat! Ted's harpoon literally hurtled through the air as he sprang backward to save himself; the next instant he was in his former place, hatless, with the line spinning through his hands! The boat righted itself, the terrified negroes drew in the remaining oars, and we went rushing through the foaming water after the great sea-monster. Cousin Fred. lowered his umbrella, and taking out his handkerchief waved it to the forsaken fleet, while he said: "Be ready to cut the line, Ted; this speed is dangerous." Then I looked at Ted as he stood bare-headed at the bow of the boat, clearly outlined against the pale summer sky, and for the first time I realized him. Tall, slim, well poised, Saxon features, and fair hair that the wind pressed back as it whistled by; a jaw like a rattlesnake, and blue Celtic eyes that were gleaming and flashing! I have never forgotten it. I can hear how the wind whistled—how the water swished by us—I can see the moving panorama of the disappearing land—see how the day died down behind us—how the ocean rose up before us,

and Ted standing there the incarnation of youth, and strength, and joy!

Later, when the battle was over, and we were beating our slow way back with the dead devil-fish dragging in the rear, Ted sat down beside me that I might help him with his hands. His thick gloves had been torn to ribbons by the spinning line, and the skin of his palms had followed suit, and now he wanted me to pull the remains of the gloves off, and the fragments from where the dried blood held them.

"Wait till Aunt Mary can bathe them, Ted?" I pleaded.

"Dip them over the side," Cousin Fred. said, coolly, from where he was amusing himself driving the sharks away from the carcass we had in tow.

I caught Ted's hands from the water; I had only just learned how much I loved him.

"It will burn you like the mischief!" I said.

"If it burns like the devil, it does not matter now," he answered. "I've won!"

II.

"All my days I'll go the softlier, sadlier,
For that dream's sake!"

Isabel was our third cousin, and I do not remember any time in her life when I did not adore her. I had a great deal to do with teaching her to walk, and I taught her to read entirely. To me she was always beautiful, though every one declared that she changed wonderfully between fifteen and eighteen. Down at Far Island in the summer, where all the little children went barefooted and paddled all day on the edge of the surf, Isabel never ventured more than to wet her little toes unless I held her hand. "Wobbin," she called me; and I dug canals, built houses, picked up shells, and even humbled myself to make mud-pies for her. As years advanced, I caught crabs with her; I baited her hooks; I read aloud, and helped her with her lessons. Then Ted and I went to college, and Isabel went off to school. For three years I did not see her, but we corres-

ponded regularly. When she was eighteen she returned to Deep Haven, the loveliest vision I have ever seen. "Robin," she called me; and kissed me as she had always done, and as quietly as if I were wood or stone. She was a little taller than I, not much, but she laughed and patted me on the head, then looked up at Ted, whose eyes had never left her since she entered the room. She shook hands with him; she standing a little behind me with her left hand on my shoulder, and called him "Cousin Ted," and my heart bounded within me as I thought how much more she was mine than his! She talked to me of all the old days, how I had taught her the things she most cared for, and how she used to think that all the wisdom of the world was mine.

"And I am not sure that I was wrong, Robin," she said, "and when we get down to Far Island we will dig some canals and make some mud-pies for old times' sake."

"Of course," I answered; "we will say the alphabet if you like, and go out even now and dig for doodles."

How she laughed; such a sweet, ringing laugh!

Ted sat almost silent, sometimes watching us as we talked together on the sofa—sometimes looking past us out of the window. I think it was the first and only time I ever felt that I had something apart from Ted, and was glad to have it so. The sun was setting as we walked home, and all the splendid pageant of the evening clouds was mirrored in the sound. Joy seemed to be bubbling and rushing through my veins—I felt as if walking on air—as if breathing the beautiful colours, and the stillness seemed to throb with life and happiness. Then Ted's voice fell on the silence, and a deadening power was in it that arrested everything.

"She is like a white jonquil, and they say Cousin Fred. is in love with her."

In love with Isabel—*my* Isabel! A sudden fury possessed me; then the reflection came, how could he help it? and I asked quietly: "Who says so?"

"Mother."

"I don't blame him," I said.

"Who could?" Ted answered. "Cousin Fred. is a man of the world," he went on slowly, "has been everywhere, is rich and handsome. What do you think, Robin?"

A moment before I had thought of Isabel as mine, and not Ted's ; now I looked on him as an ally.

"Cousin Fred.," I said, "is a Methuselah!"

"Thirty," Ted answered, "and girls like that sort of thing. You are only twenty-one, and I twenty-three; she may call us callow!"

"Why, man, I've brought her up!" I cried.

We went down to Far Island for July and August; most of Deep Haven did, for both Deep Haven and Far Island belonged to the Clan. It was only a collection of rough frame houses interspersed with tents, sometimes of canvas, sometimes of palmetto, where everybody marooned for the sake of the sea-bathing. It was all temporary, because Far Island was sometimes covered by the sea in the September storms. But it was idyllic: comfortable uncles and aunts; old-fashioned, shy girls; boats of all shapes and sizes; violins, guitars, and banjos for music; surf-bathing, fishing, and boating by daylight and moonlight for fun; idleness; health; youth; good servants; what could be wanted more? The storms were brief, and the rain came seldom in that fairy-land; indeed, shelter from the sun was a far greater question

than protection from the rain, and for both purposes frames were run out from the houses and thatched with broad palmetto leaves, while for floor there was the white sand. We would gather sometimes at one house, sometimes at another, with cool melons and guitars, and hammocks, and smoking-chairs and tools; and golden hours would pass while the fresh sea-wind rustled the dry palmetto leaves, or the rain pattered and splashed on them—and the boom of the sea kept time to the thrum of the music, and the wind swept the soft songs away. Then the afternoon wanderings on the wide white beach, when the world was wrapped in the golden glow of the dying day, and the sea-gulls dipped and skimmed from wave to wave.

All those days, and places, and people are ever wrapped in a golden mist for me. No words can describe the life, and no mortal eye will ever see its like again, for the civilization that made it has passed away. They are scattered to the four winds of Heaven now, those quiet gentle folk, and the world says that it is best. That they were degenerating; that like all aristocracies they were being put on the shelf by the vigorous,

pushing masses. Perhaps; but in the shipwreck that overtook them, they showed themselves to be the stuff of which martyrs are made. Not many of them are left, but whenever you meet one of those exiles, you find a passionate love for that old time and place, and an unquenchable longing, looking out from tired eyes. Those of them who died on the battle-field, full of strength and of heroic purpose, had the best of it. But do not suppose that Far Island and its inhabitants was like any seaside resort of to-day; not at all; even the young men were a little shy. I think I was the one privileged character, and it was because, as my cousin Emma said, "Robin is poetical and musical—is everything, indeed, that a lady-like little man can be—quite fit to fetch and carry for Isabel." Nor was it all music and melons. Manly sport was the rule. Among the younger men, Ted led, and even among the veterans he was taking position. For me, I had but one thought, Isabel; and but one occupation interfering with Cousin Fred. Whenever I saw them together, I would appear on the other side of Isabel with some claim on her attention, and she never failed me.

Sometimes Cousin Fred. would smile, and once he said—"What will you do, Isabel, when Robin falls in love, and carries his weal and woe to other ears?" For the moment I hated him, and looked it, but for answer his eyes only twinkled a little more as they met mine, until Isabel answering—"I will turn *you* into a brother, then, Cousin Fred."—a new possibility came to the front, and we looked away from each other. But whenever Ted took his place by Isabel's side, I felt quite safe from Cousin Fred.; sorry for him, because we were two to one.

One day a heavy wind-storm came up which was alarming in itself, but terrifying in the light of the fact that a large fishing expedition had gone out. By sunset all the boats but four had come in; by midnight, all but Ted's. By morning Far Island was miserably anxious, and boats went out in every direction; but as the day grew, they came back one after another without any tidings. All the men were sitting about in groups, smoking furiously; most of the feminine community were gathered about poor Aunt Mary, sitting dry-eyed and white, in her silent house. I stood on the beach with a spy-

glass until I was exhausted, then I went to Isabel. She was sitting alone with a book open before her.

"How *can* you read?" I asked, taking a seat.

"Ted is so brave and skillful," she said, slipping her hand in mine. "And he never fails, does he?"

"Never," I answered, "not even in his college examinations."

"He is weakest there? You are hard on him."

I turned on her sharply and began a rapid defense of my hero.

"He is a poet," I finished. "He has never written a verse, but he lives it—he feels it—feels all the beauty and pathos of the universe. Look into his eyes and you will see it—if we ever look into his eyes again!"

"Hush!" she whispered.

"How cold your hand is!" I cried.

"It is yours that is cold," and she drew hers quickly away.

Near sunset a rumor came that something had been sighted.

"Go and find out," Isabel said, and went indoors, while I took my way to the beach.

My glass trembled so at first that I could see nothing, then I descried a speck that in the setting sun looked like the wing of a pink curlew; suddenly it flashed into the silver of a gull's wing. My breath came sharply—it was a sail boat, but had veered away.

"Something is wrong with her," Cousin Fred. said.

"Great God!" cried Uncle Edward, "where are my lazy scoundrels? Cæsar, call out the hands—have that boat ready in five minutes if you love your life! Robin, stay with your aunt; if it should not be Ted it will kill her!"

In twenty minutes every boat had left the island. I went to the house and took my seat on the steps of the piazza, for within all Aunt Mary's sisters and aunts and cousins were sitting about her. She caught sight of me and came out. I rose to meet her and she clasped my hands convulsively.

"I am sure it is Ted's boat," I said.

A shudder went over her. "But, is he in it?" she whispered. "Oh, Robin, he may have been swept overboard!"

"Not Ted," I answered.

"He might have succumbed to the heat."

"There is the shadow of the sail," I comforted, again. Then I brought her a chair, and resumed my seat on the steps, while we watched the boats as they went. If it was Ted they would fire a gun. It seemed hours that we watched. Within was the low hum of women's voices, like the voices of those in the house of the dead; without, groups of awe-stilled boys waited on the beach; the silence of death had fallen, and nothing stirred save the wind and the waves. The sun sank down a ball of red; it seemed to rest on the sea for a moment, turning it to blood, then disappeared slowly like the mechanical sun in a show. The waves bobbing up in front of it, gave it the appearance of going in jerks, as if the machinery needed greasing. In my misery I smiled at the incongruous thought and the badly managed sunset, but I have never forgotten it. Then everything turned gray. The boats were specks—the groups of boys had gathered into one—and the murmur of voices within took a lower tone. Every moment, without the sound of the gun, was a segment of hope gone. I was too anxious to be still, and I took out my watch.

"What do you think?" Aunt Mary whispered, faintly.

"It will be a half hour yet before they can distinguish the boat," I answered, at random. She took the open watch and fastened her eyes on its face.

"Five minutes," she said, presently, then —"ten minutes—fifteen minutes," she went on—"twenty."

What a fool I had been to time her!

"Twenty-five minutes—twenty-six—"

"I had no ground for timing them, Aunt Mary," I said.

"Twenty-seven—twenty-eight—"

A far, far-off reverberation! I sprang to my feet, the boys on the beach gave a cheer, the watch dropped with a smash, and all the women rushed out to Aunt Mary, who had fainted.

Everybody flocked to the beach now, and we talked about nothing, and laughed gaily in the glad reaction. The boats were growing as they neared us, and now we could hear the negroes singing—all the boats singing the same thing—"Roll, Jordan, Roll!" It made a great volume of sound, and it was one of the grandest things I have ever heard.

Ted was landed safe and sound, and in the face of all that company I did a thing that no man or boy there would have done at the point of the bayonet—I threw my arms round Ted's neck and kissed him !

"Emma will call you *un*lady-like, now," he said, softly, while his eyes shone, and his face, that looked so pale under its bronze, turned quite red. But he kissed me in return, and I know he would rather have fainted.

That night the moon was full, and coming out from Aunt Mary's room, where I had been telling her over and over again of the scene on the beach, I looked for Ted or Isabel, but could not find them. I felt a little lonely, a little injured, and stepped into one of the boats that was beached near by. I arranged a comfortable place in the stern, and stretched myself back luxuriously. I could look out over the sweep of the ocean glittering under the moon, or down the long curve of shining beach that dwindled as it went, and far, and far away vanished to a point that seemed almost to touch the quiet stars. The tide was going out, the waves that were little more than ripples, plashed distantly; the wind had fallen.

How long I lay there I do not know. If all my dreams were waking dreams, or if I slept, I do not know; but far off up the shining pathway of the beach—far off by the quiet stars, I saw a thing that moved. Slowly it came down the broadening, silvered curve. I watched it, fascinated; a round thing—no, an oblong thing that moved on end; then two little horns appeared. Nearer down the wide white way it came; now half was floating drapery, half was still black. The horns had turned to heads—two people, a man and woman! Slow they came. Nearer; their voices, their words were with me. I could almost have touched them. They stopped and looked up to the great moon; then he bent his head between her and the light.

"I am jealous even of moonbeams," he said, and they turned away toward the house.

Aunt Mary had broken my watch, so I do not know how long it was before Ted came back alone. I rose up to meet him.

"What will Cousin Fred. do?" I asked.

He turned upon me quickly. His face was all alight; his eyes gleamed like stars; he raised his arms to heaven and looked up while the moonlight made a glory in his fair,

wind-blown hair—"What matter," he said, in a low vibrating voice; "I've won, and she is mine!"

I will never forget that picture, how Ted stood there radiant, with his arms stretched up to heaven.

I stayed all night in the boat. I watched the tide go down—the moon ride higher, and the silvered sea that seemed so sound asleep. There came a moment when it held its breath—not a sound—not a motion—poised at the point of rest! I held my own breath.

Something stirred somewhere, and a sigh swept by me, and out over the face of the great deep, shivering it into millions of glittering ripples. They flashed just once toward the paling moon, then rushed shoreward. The tide had turned, and a new day was pushing up from the underworld.

III.

"Would but some winged angel ere too late,
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate."

In 1863 Ted was sent for by the General commanding the department where he was then serving as Major of Artillery, and asked if he would take charge of a ruin, called a fort, in one of the harbors. He was to have a limited garrison, and of course, hold the fort to the last gasp. I went with Ted to headquarters, but was not present at the interview. When it was over he walked in silence to his room at the hotel. Once there, he drew the one chair in the place to the window and sat down. He had not taken off his hat, and he was occupying the only chair to the exclusion of his guest; two signs of mental excitement that made me expect important revelations. I took my seat on the table, and waited. When he told me, I said quickly—"That is a forlorn hope, Ted, a useless sacrifice of you. It is sheer folly!"

"Folly—forlorn hope! It is a crown of glory!"

"Do you forget Isabel and the two boys?"

"Would you have those boys hear that I refused the position because of the risk?"

"It is only a pile of rubbish," I urged.

"I will hold it, or leave it a pile of bones."

"Suppose they overwhelm you, what will you say then?"

"When that happens I will be dead, and not in a conversational mood. I wish I could put Isabel and the boys in one of the case-mates," he went on, beginning to walk up and down the room; "the little chaps have been under fire, and are not a bit gun-shy."

I got down from the table. "Good-bye," I said, "I will do my best for your widow and orphans; I suppose the Government will bury you."

He turned quickly. "I am not going to leave you out of it," he said, "I shall have you transferred."

As I was only a chaplain, I was assigned next day, and we went down to the fort together. That very afternoon Ted inspected everything, down to the last half-brick, and by night the garrison was his, body and soul. He then insisted that his promised number of men should be made up at once, as the

nights were dark and good for assaults. After the company came I believe Ted prayed for an assault. It did not come that night, nor the next night; but it did come the night after.

It was awfully dark. Before us was the ink-like water, that we could only hear as it lapped against the walls; behind us, the black hole we called the fort. The sentries looked like ghosts lurking here and there; the stillness was intense. Ted kept watch himself that night, lying flat on the highest point of *debris*. The water had been his home, and he knew every sound and motion it could make. Still-hunting had been his delight, and the darkness held no shadow he did not know. I was lying close beside him, yet I could scarcely define his outline in the gloom, and his face looked an impalpable bit of whiteness.

For hours we lay there, when, shortly after midnight, my musings faded from me, and I became conscious of some disturbing change. I would have said that the atmosphere had tightened about me. I turned; Ted had drawn closer to me, and was gazing over my shoulder, almost. His face was drawn; his

eyes had narrowed to points of light; he was quivering like a high-bred dog on a tense point!

"Yes—ss" he hissed softly, "yis—ss!" I looked in the direction of his gaze. There was a blacker line on the black water!

"Barges!" Ted said. "Go to your headquarters; and, Robin, bricks can kill, too!" Then he went away quickly into the darkness.

There came a silent sort of stir in the fort; a little rolling of rubbish as the men went to their positions; a few low-voiced orders, then we waited. The black line came nearer, and behind it another line that turned toward the right.

A sort of blood-thirsty excitement took possession of me, and I fingered the hand-grenades impatiently. Our fire was to be held until the moment of landing, when the orders were to give them all we could. It was a breathless moment, then a line of fire darted from point to point, outlining the grim old ruin against the darkness. Cries and shouted orders; for the confusion of surprise was on the enemy; while the whole harbor blazed with shot and shell from other batteries and

gun-boats! And on the highest point, exposed to fire of friend and foe, full in the lurid glare, I saw Ted standing for an instant, glowing with the fierce joy of battle!

When all was over, Ted sat down by me. "It was a near thing, Rob," he said; "but we won, and 'twas worth ten years of ordinary life." He held that brick-pile for months; was wounded, was sick; but he never went to hospital. I did, but not by the path of glory. The magazine exploded, nobody knew how, and some fellows were caught in the passage. It was hot work getting out those burned, broken creatures from that raging fire, and I would have done better if I had been bigger. As I got the fellow I was dragging to the opening, they took him from me so suddenly that I stumbled, and a falling timber caught my leg.

The enemy were shelling us like fun, but Ted let everything go and worked like a convict till I was freed. Then he took me up as if I had been a baby, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, and kissed me like the mother he had always been to me. The men who helped were sniffling, but perhaps that was the smoke.

IV.

"Who knows the end? or in what record written
The crowned results abide?
The volume closed not with an Abel smitten
Or Christ the crucified."

It is not often given to a people to suffer as the Southern people have suffered, and whether the war was their own fault, or whether it was a judgment on them for their sins of omission and commission, of "negligence and ignorance," is between them and their God. But whatever was the account against them, it has been wiped out with a sponge dipped in tears and blood, and the slate is clean for the score of this new generation—this "New South." God help them!

In '64 Ted was ordered to Virginia. We did a good deal of work round the "Crater" at Petersburg, where Ted lost an arm, and was made brigadier-general. We went through it all, he and I, down to Bentonville. The cause died there, and the blackness of darkness seemed to settle over us. Deep Haven had fallen in '62, and everything had been

confiscated. Most of the country houses had been burned; most of the town houses were occupied by negroes or "carpet-baggers," and all of the lands had been cut up into forty-acre lots and given to the negroes. Some people had gone back, I don't know why, and among them, Ted. He had become possessed of the overseer's house on grandfather's plantation, and had settled there with Isabel and the boys.

Late in '65 I had two parishes in the upper part of the State, with a salary of four hundred dollars a year—a fortune just after the war. In March, '66, I determined to go down and see Ted and Deep Haven for myself, for the letters were unsatisfactory. I had no trunk, so I packed a large box full of comfortable things for Isabel's housekeeping, and putting my clothes in my old knapsack, I set forth on my journey. A railway to Deep Haven seemed as bad to me then as a railway to Jerusalem does now, and the station, and Cousin Charles Caryl's house as a hotel, was all like a nightmare. I found that I could not get a boat to go over to Ted's until next morning, so I determined to walk out to Headland that afternoon. A Federal General

had made it his home, hence the ferry was kept up. It would take a book to tell all I saw and heard, and felt on that walk—and Headland itself! The house had been painted afresh, and the grand old trees had been trimmed, and the trunks whitewashed! It had a snobby, shoppy look to it that was dreadful. I hated it! But in the garden Aunt Mary's jonquils were swaying in the wind, and the same old Toby working among them. I sat down behind a hedge and cried. I stopped presently, for I was weary with my journey and the walk, and tears hurt a man—even a little man.

The hedge behind which I was sitting went up to the garden, so that I was safe from observation, and to calm myself I looked away from Toby and the jonquils, out over the water. That was unchanged, and a canoe being propelled across by one oar at the stern, looked supremely natural. As the boat neared the shore my heart rose up to my eyes, and I crept along the hedge, watching the little craft like a snake-charmed bird. A fair-haired little boy made it fast to the landing. I don't know how I saw that, for all my being was watching the tall, gaunt

figure in the old gray uniform, with one empty sleeve pinned to his breast. All the gold had gone off of coat and cap; all the buttons were covered with black. His beard and hair were touched with gray; his face was thin and white and set. He walked up the old path as quietly as if he still owned it, carrying a string of fish. Old Toby met him, hat in hand.

"Huddy, Mawsa!"

"Well, Toby?"

"Yes, mawsa; lucky, suh."

"Here are the fish, Toby." The old man took them away to the back of the house, and, left alone, Ted stood there like a wooden image. He did not lean against anything; he did not look at anything until a lady appeared on the piazza. He did not look at her, but he took off his cap and held it until Toby came back with some money.

"Good-bye, Mawsa."

"Good-bye, Toby." Then as Ted turned away the old gray cap went on with a grace no prince could have bettered, and the old negro, leaning on his rake, watched him wistfully, like a puzzled child.

A week after this Ted lay dying. Insufficient food, insufficient clothing, and a broken-heart; the doctor called it pneumonia. Isabel and I had been watching all night, with Teddie and Robin taking turns to bring in wood for the fire. In the dark hour before the dawn, Ted opened his eyes.

"I wish I had some of mother's jonquils," he said; "I should like to take them to her."

"I will get them," I answered.

It was a long pull. The sound was as quiet as if smothered by the heavy white mist that lay on it. The stars were beginning to pale before the coming day, and the brimming tide still flowing in, was near its turning. I tied the boat and stole up the walk. All was still as death, save the long grey moss that swayed like ghostly cerements, and the white jonquils that seemed to beckon.

When I reached them I think I grew mad, a frenzy of hatred and revenge seized me, and I gathered, and gathered, and gathered, till not one was left on the stems. I had brought a rice-fanner, the only basket Isabel had, and I filled it to overflowing. The flowers secured, I pulled up the roots—pulled and pulled—then trampled and stamped the

beds down—down—down! My fury was growing, and I went away quickly in the ghastly light that was neither night nor day. I was afraid of myself because of the matches in my pocket.

We put his insignia back on Ted's collar (Isabel had kept the things as women will), and took the black covers off his buttons. We put on his red sash, and his belt and sword, and the gold cross-cannon on the old gray cap that we laid down by his side with the sword; but in the hand that rested on his breast, we put the white jonquils for his mother.

Did he say any last words? Yes. He said, "It has been a hard fight to forgive my enemies, Robin, but I've won; and for reward the stranger people sent me all the jonquils."

Sarah Barnwell Elliott.

THE FURLOUGH.

A South Carolina boy of sixteen had been furloughed to go home from the lines near Cold Harbor, June, '64.

Carelessly exposing himself, while making a farewell visit to friends in the trenches, he was killed by a hostile sharpshooter.

"Home," he said, and westward turning,
Looked upon the setting sun.
"Heed the child," a sentry muttered,
"Safety on the rampart none."
"Naught I fear," the boy made answer,
"Battle shock, nor random gun;
Homeward all my heart advances,
Victory 's won!"

In his eyes the light of morning
Met the slow-declining day,
Where the bow of peace expanding,
Lit with hope's celestial ray—
Born of sunshine, cloud-engendered,
Sorrow washed in tears away—
"Strife to holy calm surrenders,"
Seems to say.

Fair he stood, as in a vision,
When with sudden cry of dread,
Forward sprang each sturdy comrade,
To support the fallen head.
Swift a thirsty flash, unerring,
To the font of life had sped!
Calm he lay. We bent above him;
"Home he goeth," some one said.
With the dew our tears were falling,
O'er the dead!

JOHN B. TABB, 1878.

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